

The California Catholic

FOR FAITH AND FATHERLAND

VOL. I NO. 8.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1894.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

THE CROSS AND FLAG

Raised Over Alameda's Church Now Building.

When the Corner Stone Was Laid on Sunday.

A Great Demonstration by the Catholics
of the Encinal City—Monter Parade
and Eloquent Sermon.

Five thousand people, with the cross of their faith on one side, and the flag of their country on the other, witnessed the laying of the corner stone of the new St. Joseph's Church in Alameda by Very Rev. Father Prendergast, V. G., on Sunday afternoon.

Never in the history of that city has a more imposing demonstration been witnessed. Every element seemed to favor the occasion. The morning dark and gray, gave way to an afternoon of glorious sunshine, the warm rays being tempered by the gentle zephyrs from the bay. The parade exceeded in numbers the anticipations of the marshals, the sermon was a masterpiece of eloquence, and the music was superbly rendered.

At the northeastern corner of the building, over the spot where the stone was later to be laid, waved the stars and stripes. Over the sanctuary, forming a canopy for the speaker, waved another starry banner, and the rear wall was hidden by a third. In the center of the sanctuary a temporary cross had been erected, and thus surrounded by emblems of faith and patriotism the exercises were carried on to a most successful and auspicious conclusion.

Long before the hour set for the exercises to commence, 3 o'clock, the adjacent streets and the building itself were crowded with spectators. The committee of arrangements, consisting of George W. Dennis, P. Kearney, J. T. Fleming, A. F. St. Sure, Joseph Murray, Chas. Nelson, Joseph Morris and William Scully, all members of California Council No. 24, Y. M. I., of Alameda, had everything in readiness, and merited much praise for their able management.

The procession formed at the corner of Santa Clara avenue and Chestnut street, and marched down Chestnut street to San Jose avenue, to Lafayette street, and by way of San Antonio avenue to the church site. G. W. Dennis was the Grand Marshal, and had as aids John P. Wright, J. E. Murray, Jos. Morris, Frank Hally and C. W. Nelson. Following them came the Fifth Infantry Band under the leadership of Wm. McBain. The officers of California Council—President, W. E. Scully; First Vice-President, Joseph M. Hutton; Second Vice-President, William J. Burns; Corresponding Secretary, Jos. Morris; Financial Secretary, John P. Wright; Treasurer, Edward A. Burns, and Wm. Cashman and J. H. Ross of the executive committee acted as escort to Grand President Frank J. Kierce and Grand Secretary George A. Stanley.

Following the members of the Institute came a body of two hundred parishioners headed by Messrs. John O'Brien and Wm. Hammond. The Young Men's Institute, represented by four councils, followed. No. 4, of San Francisco, had sixty members in line, headed by J. F. Callaghan, President; J. Leary, First Vice-President; J. McLaughlin, Treasurer, and James J. Larkin, Marshal. No. 6, which came next, was represented by forty members—President, Charles J. Harrington; First Vice-President, R. S. Hammond; Treasurer, J. M. Rose, and Recording Secretary, J. J. Rigney, being in the lead.

With President D. McCarthy at their head, Institute No. 8 turned out forty men. Financial Secretary, John McGinniss; Recording Secretary, Wm. McCarthy; Corresponding Secretary, James Flynn, and Marshal, W. O'Neil, being in the van. Institute No. 31, with twenty members in line, brought up the rear of the Institute column. President M. A.

McInness was assisted by H. O'Connor, Recording Secretary; J. T. Harrington, Financial Secretary, and Jos. Manha, Marshal.

One hundred students from St. Mary's College, with knots of blue and pink ribbon in their breasts, marched with the precision of veterans. Pro-Director Brother Gennebern and seven brothers from the College accompanied them. The handsome banner of Branch No. 297, Catholics Knights of America, of Sacred Heart Parish, headed the Catholic Knights. State President B. J. Brophy, supported by national delegates J. J. White and D. Crowley, were followed by representatives of four branches. No. 297 had sixty men in line. President, T. C. Rowe; Vice-President, J. C. Rodriguez; Secretary, C. G. Hallmeyer, and Recording Secretary, William O. Rowe, were with the advance. Branch 485 had thirty men in line and the following officers: President, W. Lennane; Vice-President, Owen Boyle; Recording Secretary, M. J. Quinlan; Financial Secretary, D. Crowley; Marshal, Richard Daly; and Trustees P. J. O'Connor, Dan Gilligan and John White. Branch 504, owing to the lateness of the hour at which notice was received, did not parade as a body, but was still well represented. Branch No. 702 had twenty men in line and the following officers: President, E. Peters; Vice-President, M. Haran; Recording Secretary, J. Hanley; Financial Secretary, E. Sullivan, and Treasurer, Paul Callan.

St. Patrick's Alliance No. 5 of Oakland had 100 men in line. They carried a handsome green banner and silk stars and stripes at their head. President, P. J. Ryan; Vice-President, William Tobin, and Secretary Frank Cushman were at their head. The Marshals were P. O'Kane and M. Brennan.

The rear of the column was brought up by two hundred members of the Young Men's Catholic Union, headed by Grand President P. N. Hanrahan and Grand Secretary Haskins. They made a fine impression as they marched down the street in open order.

As the rear of the procession passed the old church the officiating clergy and acolytes brought up the rear. First came the members of the Sanctuary Sodality of St. Francis de Sales Church under the direction of Brother Ulfman. The cross-bearer, Matt Bronner; lamp bearers, George Clark and John Fogarty, and the acolytes J. Killion, E. Fleming, Joseph Quinlan, Eddis Crowley, Herbert Allen, John Gallagher, Willie Watson, John Murray, Thos. Jones and Frank Somers. These were dressed in black soutanes and white surplices. The acolytes of St. Joseph's Church, Alameda, dressed in red and white, followed. They were Emil Messner, Don Campbell, Evan Hall, Edward Hickey, Edward Wright, Willie McStay, Chas. Foster and John Hickey.

The celebrant, Very Rev. John Prendergast, V. G., was supported by Rev. J. E. Cottle, Deacon; Rev. John McGinty, Sub-Deacon, and Rev. J. J. Sullivan, Master of Ceremonies, and the following clergy: Rev. P. Scanlan, Rev. C. E. Mulligan, Rev. J. F. Byrne, Rev. T. Kirby, Rev. P. Heslin, Rev. O'Hanlon, Rev. Seraphine, O. S. F., and Rev. J. Riordan, S. J. of Santa Clara College.

As the clergy advanced toward the sanctuary, the Children of Mary of Alameda, Miss Lizzie Jansen, President, and those from St. Francis de Sales, Oakland, with Vice-President Miss Rose Nolan at their head formed on either side of the passageway, the band meanwhile played the Hymn, "Alma Redemptoris."

In the center of the sanctuary a temporary cross had been erected and was first blessed. During this portion of the ceremony, the choir composed of M. I. Brady, W. W. Goggin, W. J. Datchelder, G. E. Goggin, S. E. Tucker, J. J. Geary, W. I. Tucker and Robert Morrissey, sang the "Veni Creator." The clergy next proceeded to the site of the corner-stone, the band playing Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Immediately upon the completion of the ceremonies, the clergy returned to the sanctuary space, where, on an improvised platform, Father Prendergast proceeded to deliver the sermon.

"One of the most eloquent and most successful" preachers of modern

times in all lines said Father Prendergast "was undoubtedly Lacordaire, who preached in the Cathedral of Paris for many years. Lacordaire possessed a very singular quality. For his position called for an exceptionally gifted mind and heart. He had a large insight into and experience with all phases of human nature. He was a lawyer in his young manhood, with just a slight taint of infidelity. His experience, therefore, with human nature gave him a special commission for the saving of human souls."

Father Prendergast then described the great throngs which always gathered to hear him—judges, literateurs, young men in the freshness of youth, some of them ardent believers, some of them who, while they still believed had long since ceased to practice. On one occasion Lacordaire summed up in a few words his methods to cause them to remain faithful. Said he: "Be pure for one year, and I will be responsible for your souls."

Lacordaire understood the claims of education and purity of life as essential conditions for the salvation of souls. He did not speak at random. He spoke from his experiences. He had been a deep student of human nature, and understood the actions and reactions of the heart. He thoroughly understood man.

We know the untold difficulties that beset truth. If any of us feel tempted to fall in view of the tremendous force that operates upon the human heart; if we would overcome the difficulties that stand in the way of reformation, we may point to the immortal Cardinal Newman from the hour when he first withdrew from the Anglican Church. When he came knocking at the gates of the everlasting church, long years of prayer and study transpired before he felt he comprehended the great mysteries of our religion. If a great mind like Cardinal Newman can spend four years in study before the clearing away of the clouds from his mind, before he saw the glories of the kingdom of God, we cannot make light of the reasons advanced as a cause for not embracing the faith.

Father Prendergast then spoke of the misrepresentations and misconceptions about the Catholic Church based on his experience of thirty years as a priest. The reverend Father said he had never found a man who could explain off-hand, even one principle of the Catholic faith. Father Prendergast related an incident of a student from a Protestant theological seminary who had called upon him to discuss religious matters. He asked him from what source or fountain the Catholic Church derived its authority. The student promptly answered: "From the Scriptures."

"I explained to him that the first book of the New Testament was written long after Christianity was founded, and that the other books were written at different times. The Catholic Church of the nineteenth century is the same that Christ Himself founded."

Father Prendergast instanced a number of cases in which men were grossly misled by prevailing misrepresentation. Some few days ago a gentleman called upon the Archbishop and put in his hands a document, purporting to be a translation of an anathema against one of the rebellious children of the Church. The Archbishop took it and recognized it as a sentence of excommunication, and not the translation of a papal Bull. His Grace informed him it was written by the author of Tristram Shandy.

Intentional misrepresentation is the cause of many estrangements, just as men's hearts and minds take dislike to their neighbors from disputes over the tariff, political or social questions.

The peroration of Father Prendergast's address was most eloquent, and he advised his hearers to beware of false representations, to investigate and study the divine truths of the revealed religion, that they might be enabled to overcome the prevailing prejudices of the day.

Following the oration, the choir sang the Te Deum, and the band rendered a rhapsody by Mozart. As the crowd was dispersing, the band played "America." During the exer-

cises, three Episcopal clergymen occupied seats upon the platform. They were Rev. A. T. Perkins, rector of Christ Episcopal Church, Rev. Randolph and Dr. James Mulcahey. The latter is rector in charge of St. Paul's Church, New York, and associate rector with Rev. Morgan Dix of Trinity Church, New York. He is spending his vacation on this coast.

Considerable progress has been made during the week on the new Church building, and a splendid idea of its handsome proportions can now be obtained. It is located on the site of the old Church, on the corner of Chestnut street and San Antonio avenue. The designs as furnished by the architect, Bryan J. Clinch, call for a building in the English gothic style of the thirteenth century. It will consist of a nave, aisles and transept, with groined ceilings. The ceilings will be entirely supported from the side walls, affording a clear interior. The side walls will be divided into bays by cluster columns. There will be five bays in the nave, each lighted by double mullion windows with tracery filled heads. The transepts will have five-light tracery windows at each end. The chancel will be lighted by a four-light window over the altar, and smaller windows high up at the sides. Provision has been made for small side chapels, with groined ceilings at each side of the sanctuary. Large and commodious sacristies will be placed immediately behind them, connected by a passage in the rear, across the Church. One will be devoted to the use of the priest and the other will be arranged for the convenience of the Sisters of Notre Dame, whose college immediately adjoins the Church on the south.

The approach to the Church will be from Chestnut street. Six steps will lead to the porch, and the three doors provided will open into a commodious vestibule the full length of the nave. From each side of this will rise two towers of different heights. The taller tower will be octagonal in the upper story and surmounted by a spire rising to a height of 130 feet. The lower part of this tower will be used as a baptistry. The organ gallery will be over the vestibule, and access to it will be given by stairs in the tower. The auditorium of the Church will be fifty-two feet in width by ninety-eight in length, exclusive of the sanctuary and vestibule. The seating capacity will be about 750, leaving abundant space for passages and aisles. The total length will be 130 feet outside. All of the outside ornamental work will be of galvanized iron.

The baptistry will be 11 feet square. It will be lighted from two sides by the windows in the first story of the tower. The sacristies will be each 12x14 feet. The chancel will be 17 feet in depth and 28 feet in width. The floor will be raised two feet above the main floor and the altar platforms will be eighteen inches above the chancel floor. It is estimated that the entire cost of the building will be in the neighborhood of \$20,000. It is hoped to have the building ready for dedication by Christmas.

Catholicism in Iowa.

The religious census of Iowa shows that only three denominations have organizations in every county in the State. These are the Catholic, Methodist and Baptist. Even under the defective report of church membership in 1890 the Catholics led all denominations in the State, being credited with a membership of 161,684, as against 111,000 Methodists, 32,000 Baptists, 30,000 Presbyterians, 24,000 Congregationalists and 20,000 Lutherans. The Church also led in the value of church property, having \$3,843,000, as against \$3,689,000 for the Methodists and \$1,553,000 for the Presbyterians.

In the following "Retort Clerical" from the Pall Mall Gazette, there is the gist of a long argument:

"I really can't see the slightest difference between a good Catholic and a good Protestant—and I've lived sixty years in this world."

"Faith! You won't live sixty seconds in the next before you see the difference."

Subscribe for the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, \$1.50 per year.

FOR CHRISTIAN UNITY.

Individual Conscience Now the One Rule of Life.

The Church Is a Society of the Perfect Kind.

No Trespassing Upon the Rights of Civil
Authority Which Should Also Re-
spect the Rights of the Church.

[CONTINUED.]

Should union come again it will surely be marvelous to see the luster and grandeur which through divine grace, will illuminate your Churches. May God hear this supplication which you yourselves make to him: "Abolish all dissensions between the Churches." And this also: "Reunite the scattered ones and wanderers in your holy Catholic and Apostolic Church." May he bring you to the holy faith which through a constant channel and tradition has come to us all from the most distant ages, the faith which your fathers guarded so zealously and illustrated by their virtues and the sublimity of their genius, the excellence of their doctrine—among them men like Athanasius, Basil, Gregory, Nazianzus, John Chrysostom, the two Cyrilli and many another great doctor, whose glory is common to the East and West. Let us now address a special appeal to you.

"Slavonic nations, whose glory is writ in your historic monuments: You know how much you owe to St. Cyril and St. Methodus, your fathers in the faith, so worthy of the honors which we have lately paid them retrospectively. Their virtues and their diligent apostleship were for many of your race the source of civilization and salvation. They were the causes of the admirable reciprocity of benefits on one side and of filial piety on the other which during many centuries reigned between Slavonia and the Roman Pontiffs. Though misfortune has snatched from the Catholic faith many of your ancestors, consider how precious would be your return to unity. The Church has never ceased to call you also to her arms. She wants to lavish on you new pledges of salvation, prosperity and greatness.

It is with the same burning charity that we now turn towards those people who, in a more recent age, under the influence of exceptional convulsions, temporal and material, left the bosom of the Roman Church. Forgetful of past vicissitudes, let them raise their spirit above human things, and thirsting only for truth and salvation, consider the Church founded by Jesus Christ. If they will then compare their own churches with this church and see to what a pass religion has come with them they will admit readily that, having forgotten the primitive traditions in several important points, the ebb and flow of variety has made them slip into new things, and they will not deny that of the truths which the authors of this new state of things had taken with them when they ceded hardly any certain and authoritative formula remains. Nay, more, many do not fear to sap the foundations upon which alone repose religion and all human hopes—namely, the divinity of Jesus Christ our Savior. Also the authority which they once attributed to the Old and New Testaments as inspired works they now deny; the inevitable consequence of the right given to each man to interpret them as his judgment lets him.

Hence the individual conscience has become the guide of conduct and the one rule of life. Hence conflicting opinions and many sects, resulting too often in the errors of naturalism and rationalism. Despairing of accord in doctrine, they now preach union in brotherly charity, and justly, too, for we should all be bound by charity, and Jesus Christ commanded, above all, to His disciples, that they should love one another. But how could perfect charity join hearts if faith does not unite our spirits? Thus it has come that judi-

cious minds and hearts, eager for truth, from among the men we speak of, have sought in the Catholic Church the road which leadeth to salvation. These have understood that they could not worship the head of the Church, who is Jesus Christ, unless they belong to the body of Jesus Christ, which is the Church, nor hope even to possess the pure faith of Jesus Christ if they repudiate the legitimate authority entrusted to Peter and his successors. They saw too that only in the Roman Church were the idea and the type of the true church realized. This, indeed is plain to all eyes through the outward marks with which God, its author, has stamped it. And many of them, gifted with keen judgment and sagacity in studying antiquity, have shown in able writings the uninterrupted apostleship of the Roman Church, the integrity of its dogmas, the uniformity of its disciples. View their examples, our hearts, more than even our voice, calls to you, dear brethren, who for three centuries past have been at issue with us in the Christian faith. Whoever you are, if for any reason you have parted from us, join with us in the unity of faith and in the knowledge of the Son of God. Let us hold out to you our hand affectionately and invite you to the unity which never failed the Catholic Church and which nothing can take from it. Long has our common mother called you to her breast, long have all the Catholics of the universe awaited you with the anxiety of brotherly love, hoping that you would serve God with us in the unity of one gospel, one faith, one hope, one perfect charity. To close the expression of our wishes touching unity, we have still to address those the wide world over who are constantly in our thoughts and solicitude—namely, the Catholics of the Roman faith, subject to the apostolic See, united in Jesus Christ. We have no need to exhort these to the unity of the holy and true Church, for divine goodness has already brought them to it. Yet we would warn them to avoid the perils which grow everywhere and to beware of losing by carelessness and sloth the supreme benefits of God. Let them study the lessons we have addressed to the Catholic nations generally and specially and take from them as suits principles for their sentiment and rules for their conduct. Above all, let them submit absolutely, faithfully, heartily and willingly to the prescriptions of the Church. Let them understand how fatal to Christian unity it has been that false ideas should have obscured and effaced in many minds the true notion of the Church.

By the will and order of God, its founder, the church is a society, of its kind perfect; a society whose mission and part are to convey to humanity evangelical precepts and institutions; to guard morals and preserve Christian virtues, thus leading all men to the heavenly joy reserved for them. And because it is a perfect society its principle of life comes not from without, but has been placed within it by the same act of will to which it owes its nature. Thus, too, it is invested with power to make laws, and in the exercise of this power it is just that it should be free, even as this is just to all in any way depending upon its authority.

This liberty, however, need not arouse rivalries and antagonisms, for the Church aspires to no power and obeys no ambition. What it deserves solely is to preserve among men the exercise of virtue and by this means assure their eternal salvation, and so it uses concension and material process. More than this, having regard to the requirements of all societies, it sometimes waives the exercise of its own rights, as has been shown abundantly by its conventions with different States. Nothing is further from its thoughts than to trespass upon the rights of civil authority, which, in return, should respect the rights of the Church and beware of usurping any part of them. And if now we can consider what is happening in our time, what tendency do we see by so many of the churches, suspected, disdained, hated, accused and, what is worse, no efforts are spared to bring it under the yoke of the civil authority. Its property is confis-

cated and its liberties are narrowed, its education of the aspirants to the priesthood is hampered, exceptional laws are made against the clergy, religious societies are dissolved or forbidden, precious though they be of the Church. This is a violation to the rights of the Church. It is preparing lamentable catastrophes for society, for it is the open contradiction of the plans of God.

God, Creator and Ruler of the world, of His high foresight has given for the government of human societies, both civil and sacred authorities, wishing, thereby, no doubt, to keep them distinct, but forbidding all rupture and conflict between them. This is not all. The divine will and the general good of societies require that the civil power should be in harmony with ecclesiastical power.

The State has its own rights and duties. The Church has hers. Between them there should be the bonds of strictest concord. So would surely be suppressed the unrest visible in the relations of Church and State, an unrest for many reasons perilous and grievous to all good people. So without confusing or separating rights all citizens could "render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's and unto God the things which are God's."

EUCCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

The Opening Session at Notre Dame,
Indiana, a Great Success.

An important event in ecclesiastical history of the Catholic Church in America is the Eucharistic Congress, the first held in this country, which was in session at the University of Notre Dame last week. This order was inaugurated at Lille, France, April 25, 1881, and, although upon its roll appear the names of over 30,000 priests, scarcely anything has ever been heard of it in this country. The Convention is held at Notre Dame on invitation of Very Rev. Father Corby, and by permission of Pope Leo.

About 300 prominent churchmen were in attendance, among them Archbishop Kater, Milwaukee; Bishop Chatard, Indianapolis; Bishop Richter, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Bishop Maes, Covington, Ky.; Bishop Rademacher, Fort Wayne; Bishop Messmer, Green Bay, Wis.; Father Didier, Baltimore, representing Cardinal Gibbons; Dean Condon, Watertown, Wis.; Father Flannagan, St. Louis; Father Coffey, St. Louis; Rev. P. J. Hurth, Bengal; Bishop Tierney, Hartford, Conn.; Father Finn, Chicago, representing Archbishop Feehan; Very Rev. J. F. Friedland, Detroit, Mich.; Fathers Dowling and Higgins, distinguished Jesuits, of Chicago.

The Holy Father sent to Bishop Maes, the promoter of the present session, a letter of approval and his blessing to all taking part in the Convention.

The grandest and most imposing event of the Congress was the solemn procession in honor of the Blessed Sacrament in the evening. The grounds were beautifully illuminated with colored lights and the procession, headed by two bands, and composed of the prelates in their sacred vestments, acolytes in robes, and altar boys and 200 girls in costume, made an imposing sight, which was witnessed by over 5000 persons.

The first ceremony of the day's program was the Pontifical Requiem by Bishop Rademacher of Fort Wayne at 7 o'clock. At 9:30 the regular session began and the following papers were read: "Objections Against the Hour of Adoration and the Libellum," by Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher, D.D.; "A Monthly Periodical of the Association," by Rev. Henry Brinkmeyer; "Means for increasing the Fidelity and Power of the Association and Extending the Association among the Clergy," by Very Rev. Bush of Atona; "The Eucharistic Congress," by Rev. E. Didier of Baltimore; "The Necessity of an Eucharistic Congress for the United States," by Rt. Rev. C. P. Maes, D.D., Bishop of Covington, Ky.

The Convention closed with a report of committees, a closing address by the Rt. Rev. President, Bishop Maes, Benediction and Te Deum. The Convention decided before adjourning next year at some place in the East, the exact location not having been determined.

Lourdes Pilgrims at Rome.

A dispatch from Rome states that the Brooklyn Pilgrims en route to Lourdes attended mass on Wednesday in the hall of the Consistory at the Vatican. The Pope gave the pilgrims his blessing from the altar. His Holiness spoke in French and blessed many objects belonging to the pilgrims.

Boys and Girls send for our premium offer No. 1.

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SATURDAY - AUG. 18, 1894

Order of the Forty-Hours Devotion
In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of August.
Aug. 19—Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
Sts. Peter and Paul (Italian), San Francisco.

CALENDAR

For the Week Ending Saturday, Aug. 25

19—SUN.—Fourteenth after Pentecost—St. Joachim, Father of the B. V.—Benediction of Blessed Margaret Mary, 1864.
20—MON.—St. Bernard, Ab. D., 1153.
21—TUES.—St. Jane Frances de Chantal, F. (Visitation Nuns, 1641).
22—WED.—Octave of the Assumption B. V. M.—St. Timothy M., 390.
23—THU.—St. Philip Beniti, Servite, 1258.
24—FRI.—St. Bartholomew, Apostle, 71.
25—SAT.—St. Louis, K. France, 1270—Thomas a Kempis, 1471.

UNCLE SAM'S THOROUGHREDS

It has come to a pretty pass that a native American, exercising her birthright under the Constitution of her Fatherland, should be persecuted for professing and practicing Christian religion. Incredible as it would appear, yet such a fact has happened these days at Alameda. A young lady, a graduate of the Normal College, bearing an irreproachable reputation, was a candidate for an office in the school department. She is a practical member of the oldest body of Christians. For this, and this alone, she was judged ineligible to office by a secret society that pretends to protect the Constitution and institutions of the United States. Now, though the said Constitution says "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States," members of this secret society opposed by every underhand means this Christian candidate. The names of these worthies are given by the Alameda Argus, viz., F. W. Greely, I. W. Thompson, Alexander Mackie and Edwin Bell. The patronymies do not bespeak much illustrious blood, though they indubitably indicate sires begotten and bred on European soils historically and socially distinguished for fanatical bigotry.

But Uncle Sam is not easily hoodwinked. The oi polloi may be fed on the pap of A. P. Aism. But when it comes to the Uncle's thoroughreds sons they cry "hands off." "Non tali auxilio" is the motto of the banner they flaunt before this secret society with its impertinent assumption of protection. The members, to their confusion, found in Trustees Brown, Lanktree and Knowles upholders of the Constitution, and of the rights and liberties of American citizens. Miss Crowley, though a member of the oldest body of Christians, was elected by thoroughbred sons of Uncle Sam. Hurrah for the flag!

EDITORIALS vs. ADVERTISEMENTS.

In fighting such an insidious enemy of the Church as the A. P. A., we believe that any means of holding members of that order to the public gaze is justifiable. In last week's issue of the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC we published an advertisement of a man who is alleged by a local journal to be the organizer of that Aggregation of Polluted Americans. The same journal published his denial in its issue of July 28. There is, therefore, a question of veracity between the two. The editor qualifies his statements, but does not allege them as facts. The party written up, over his signature and by affidavit, says that he belongs to no order opposed to Catholics in any manner, shape or form. There is, therefore, room for an honest difference of opinion. As to the fitness of the candidate for the position he aspires to, for

the present we will make no comment. That is a subject for future discussion. Paid write-ups are much sought after by all newspapers, and are freely published. They do not represent, though, by any means the editorial policy of the paper that accepts them. They are usually distinguished by a different style of heading. For the cleanliness of the matter that goes into the columns of the Catholic paper, the editor must exercise a watchful care. Otherwise he offends the sensibilities of his readers.

The CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC is not conducted on "old foggy" lines. The field it has chosen to cover is large and broad, and we propose to conduct the paper in a manner that will please the greatest number. We propose to fight the A. P. A., but do not intend to use billings-gate and vituperative abuse. We are proud of our Catholicity, and we are proud of our Americanism, and propose to show up in an American manner every man who belongs to that unholy order. When the proper proofs are at hand, we shall publish the name of every man who is known to belong to the A. P. A., but we don't propose to condemn a man on hearsay testimony, or because some one says, "I believe it is so."

WHENCE COME CONVERSIONS.

They come by the grace of God, and as He wills that all men be saved and gives to each sufficient grace for salvation, conversions come from all kinds and conditions of men. Agnostics, infidels, pagans, as well as believers in partial Christianity, are led into God's Church. The famed Dr. Brownson, after his experience among many "isms," soon after his conversion wrote in his own vigorous way: "Give me rather the open, honest unbeliever, who pretends to believe nothing more than he really does believe. * * * There is hope of the conversion of a nation of unbelievers; of the conversion of a nation of hypocrites none." Many have been the converts in England from infidelity. Frenchmen are too logical to see any resting place in Protestantism. All conversions there come from the infidel ranks. It is a fond delusion to think belief in any of the dissenting sects is of necessity a stepping stone to the Church.

It is well to learn a lesson from the enemy. We have it on indisputable authority that among the freemasons, those who seek to be enrolled Templars cannot so be engaged in the liquor traffic. Even a restaurant keeper selling liquors at meals cannot be accepted.

REV. A. C. HIRST, of the Simpson Memorial Church, on trial on charges of immorality preferred by a brother minister, is one of the sensations of the day. Mr. Hirst would purify the Roman Catholic priesthood if he could, but has to give up the attempt in order to preserve the wholeness of his own holy hide. By the way, Hirst is a sort of understudy to the oleaginous Henry. We presume the members of the court that is trying him would feel insulted if called "Hirst's peers."

It is well for Catholics to remember the Church has nothing whatever to do with party politics. Her children may be Democrats, Republicans or Populists. But this is not her concern. Circumstances have arisen which make a majority of Catholics believe in the principles of the Democrats. But that is their own individual conviction, and rests on no order from their Church. Excellent and distinguished of her members belong to the several parties. The Church in politics asserts the commandments of God, the precepts of the Gospel, and the dictates of the natural law shall not be violated.

The Satolli-Watterson decision, as it is now called, ought to open the eyes of the American people to the value of a resident Papal Delegate in the States. The Pope had written on the temperance question, the National Council of Baltimore

strongly pressed the matter on pastors and people, but apparently with little result. Monsignor Satolli's residence in our midst opened his eyes to the canker home-combing our homes. God grant the Delegate may turn his attention to two other great evils impeding the progress of the Church in America.

Ex-priests forsooth! they do not exist. We may have ex-nuns and ex-monks, but not ex-priests. Holy Faith teaches, once a priest a priest forever. Unhappily, he may apostatize or be excommunicated, but his sacerdotal character he can never lose.

In this connection, it should be remembered that Altar implies or to use a logical term connate sacrifice and priest. It makes a cold shudder to read in the Catholic newspapers of an "Altar of A. P. A."

Another misnomer is clergyman. This is a general term for ministers of all denominations. And of course, strictly speaking, it can be used by Catholics. By so doing, however, we hide from view the dogmatic fact that ours are sacrificing clergymen. Episcopalians claim they have priests, their prayerbook says they have, but the Church practically denies the validity of their Orders. In their journals, priest and not clergyman, appears by deliberate choice.

REV. A. P. DOYLE.

The Noted Paulist Preacher Now on a Visit to His Birthplace.

Rev. A. P. Doyle, the well-known Paulist preacher, and editor of the Catholic World in New York City, is in this city and is stopping at the residence of his father, 2808 Howard street.

San Francisco is glad to welcome back again the noted preacher who has reflected great credit upon his native city, and of old St. Mary's College of which he is a graduate. Father Doyle takes great interest in temperance work, and has just returned from the temperance convention held in St. Paul. He is the national secretary of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. This organization represents nearly all the Catholic temperance societies in the United States. There are 763 temperance societies with a membership of 56,000 included in the union located in all different states. Total abstinence is required from all members. In addition to the above there are 10,000 ladies, gathered in socialistic affiliated with the Union.

In a recent interview Father Doyle spoke very highly of the work accomplished by the League of the Cross under the direction of Bishop Montgomery. At the St. Paul convention this organization was highly approved.

In addition to his duties as editor of the Catholic World, Father Doyle has charge of the temperance publications of the publishing house connected with it. Father Doyle's reputation as an orator, extends from one end of the Union to the other.

Tomorrow will probably be the last opportunity to hear Father Doyle preach. At 10:30 o'clock he will preach at Holy Cross Church, on Eddy street, near Scott. At 4 P. M. Father Doyle will preach at the Cathedral on temperance topics, and in the evening at St. Charles' Church, 18th and Shotwell streets. As Father Doyle is a preacher of uncommon eloquence, those who fail to hear him will miss a rare chance.

A Presbyterian View.

We are glad to welcome to our exchange table THE CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC. It is a clean paper and inclined to temperance principles. It has been said that it would not be possible for a clean, temperance, Catholic paper to live in San Francisco. We know there is need for such a paper, and we believe that the honest laymen of the Catholic Church will support it. Time will tell. The editor of this new paper is Henry I. Fisher, a name the sound of which has a good American ring. Catholics, it matters not where they may have been born, will be respected and honored by all Protestants when they become true American citizens and cease looking to the banks of the Tiber for a man to direct them in their political as well as religious duties.—The Occident.

The CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, published at San Francisco, is another candidate for public favor. It is a 7 column 6 page paper. The editor is Mr. Henry I. Fisher. May his paper prove a successful fisher of men.—Portland Sentinel.

SELECTIONS

TANTALUS OF THE DESERT.

The Ever Present Mirage That Increases the Suffering of the Thirsty.

The Millard party, which left Campo in April for a prospecting trip on the desert of Cocopah, and who were afterward reported as having perished, succeeded, after terrible suffering and hardship, in making their way to the Lost Horse mine, in the Pinon district. Charles F. Millard has arrived in this city from the desert north of India. He was one of the party. The other members of the party were Nathan Millard, the father of Charles; "Diamond George" Simonds, and the West Indian, Leon Eugene. Young Millard told a reporter a graphic tale of his experience in the desert:

"At Mesquite Lake we found the deserted cattle of Johnson, the cattleman, who has bled there in the season. A light spring wagon was standing there. We took it, leaving our heavy wagon, with a note explaining the situation. We left also our seine, fodder and a large quantity of food. The next day we struck out for the railroad, going due north. We expected to find water at short intervals and took only a half barrel with us.

"There it was that I first noted the mysterious movement of the sand hills and even mountains. We would note a large range of hills at some point on the horizon and look the next day to see where it was. Often it would be in an entirely different direction. The sand is continually shifting, often so silently and lightly as to be unseen, but surely just the same. This, I have no doubt, is one reason why men get lost. Another is the mirage, which is continually deceiving a person. In every direction, whether on level or rolling ground, we saw little cool lakes, fringed with palms. Sometimes we saw solid rock hills, with trees and lakes at their feet. Invariably there was nothing to cause the illusion, except possibly the low bushes that were seemingly magnified by the rays of heat and light.

"At noon on the day after we left the lake our water was exhausted. Then for 2½ days we went thirsty. I was surprised to see that my father, an old man, stood the torture better than I. Diamond George, too, seemed not to suffer. The negro and I, though, were greatly affected. I will describe as closely as I can how I felt.

"After the ordinary sensations of thirst my tongue began to swell, and the most intolerable feeling came over me of pain wherever anything touched me. If my clothes happened to rub me, I was seized with an irresistible desire to throw them off to the last stitch. My father cautioned me to keep my senses, and I argued with myself continually, but nevertheless I would find myself tearing my clothes off. The most intense mental anguish, of course, accompanied the feelings of physical discomfort. I dreamed of water, thought of water, talked of water, and always before me I saw the cool little lakes just a few yards off the road or just ahead. My tongue swelled, filling my mouth and feeling like a dry sponge. I could not talk, but if I could I would have cursed those fresh little lakes that mocked me. The thought of eating filled me with sudden disgust and ugly temper. In spite of that, I tried to force myself to eat something in order to allay the suffering, but no sooner had I touched food to my dry tongue than I flung it away involuntarily. To my tongue food was as tasteless as sawdust.

"In the evening of the third day, when I felt myself going mad, with objects taking on the most grotesque shapes and the noise of the wagon sounding as if miles away, we saw the smoke of a passenger train rushing across the desert. Without a word father and Diamond George began piling food, barrel, traps and everything into the sand. The sand was heavy, but they urged the horses through, and we reached the railroad at Flowing Wells. Never shall I forget the first drink of water. I was sick for two days—out of my head, they said.

"One of the horses was sick, and we had to wait at Flowing Wells nine days. The train whizzed by, never stopping, and our grub began to give out. We had started from Mesquite Lake with 150 pounds of flour. At Flowing Wells we began to divide it with our poor horses. At night the horses gnawed the telegraph poles clean through and the bottom of the wagon, where they had licked up the flour. As soon as possible we started for India, pushing the wagon, the horses being too weak to haul it.

"At Walters Station we were overtaken by a sandstorm. We tied a wagon sheet to the section house and crawled under. The next morning we were under two feet of sand and had to burrow out. The horses were wading around as if in a snowdrift. After great tribulation we reached India and got food and water and a good rest.

"I noticed many peculiar phenomena in that region, among which were the electric storms. I have seen flash after flash of lightning, followed by peals of thunder, although the sky would be perfectly cloudless."—San Francisco Examiner.

A Tired Baby.

Children of Bostonian parentage are notoriously precocious. A child of Mr. and Mrs. Preble Quincy Saltonstall of Marlborough street astonished his mamma by remarking from his cradle after the departure of some lady callers: "Mamma, the paucity of ideas of the fin de siècle society woman is something shocking. In future you will greatly oblige me by removing my couch during such rapid discourse. I prefer the company of my own reflections. Where's that bottle?"—Baltimore Sun.

SHIFTS THIRTY FEET YEARLY.

The Earth's Axis Rather a Wobbly Affair, According to This Authority.

We do not refer to the long known shifting of the direction of the axis of the earth, which produces the so called "precession of the equinoxes." This does not in the least affect the position of the pole upon the face of the earth, while that which we have in mind is an actual traveling of the pole over the ground and is due to a slight change of the position of the axis within the globe itself. This of course manifests itself by a minute change both in the latitude of observatories and in the direction of meridian lines. If the pole of the earth approaches Berlin, the latitude of Berlin is necessarily increased, and at the same time the latitude of Honolulu, on the other side of the earth, is correspondingly diminished.

The fact that such a thing is really happening was first clearly brought out in 1889 in Germany, and ever since the subject has greatly interested the astronomical world. All recent latitude observations made by methods of precision confirm the fact, and within a few months Socofsky has shown that the azimuthal observations upon the Pulkova meridian marks between 1880 and 1887 tell the same story. The latest results of Chandler, based upon a very thorough discussion of several thousand observations made at 17 different observatories between 1840 and 1893, and combined with earlier series at Greenwich (by Pond between 1820 and 1830) and by Bradley about the middle of the last century) shows that this motion is unexpectedly regular.

It seems to be made up of two superposed revolutions of the pole from west to east—one with a period of just a year, in a circle of about 30 feet in diameter, and the other in a circle of similar size, but with a period of 428 days. As a consequence of this combination of motions the actual annual displacement varies greatly. Once in about seven years the two practically destroy each other, and the pole remains for a time nearly stationary (as in 1885), while at intermediate epochs (as in 1890) it describes a sort of circle fully 60 feet in diameter. It hardly need be said that a motion so slight becomes sensible only in observations of the last degree of precision, but its discovery has already explained certain important anomalies and apparent errors in work of that class.

As regards the cause of this peculiar motion, the theory is more or less obscure. There can be little doubt, however, that the annual component is due in part at least, as Lord Kelvin long ago suggested, to the course of the season, to the winter's deposit of snow and ice upon the northern continents and its later return to the ocean. As to the 428 day revolution, this seems to be a veritable "wobble," such as is produced by striking a spinning top. The "blow" may perhaps consist in the annual disturbance just referred to, but the matter is not yet wholly clear.—Cosmopolitan.

An Egyptian Custom.

More than 1,000 years ago Herodotus observed a remarkable custom in Egypt, says Professor Drummond. At a certain season of the year the Egyptians went into the desert, cut off branches from the wild palm, and bringing them back to their gardens waded them over the flowers of the date palm. Why they performed this ceremony they did not know, but they knew that if they neglected it the date crop would be poor or wholly lost.

Herodotus offers the quaint explanation that along with these branches there came from the desert certain flies possessed of a "vivifying virtue," which somehow lent an exuberant fertility to the dates. But the true rationale to the incantation is now explained. Palm trees, like human beings, are male and female. The garden plants, the date bearers, were females, the desert plants were males, and the waving of the branches over the females meant the transference of the fertilizing pollen from the one to the other.

Training Day Cider.

An old resident of Dexter tells an incident of an old fashioned "training day" that shows how the spirit of devilry was abroad then as well as in these later years. An old fellow, who had an eye to business, bought a barrel of hard cider and hosed it up on top of a stone wall near the training ground. He put in a spigot and was soon doing a good business alleviating the usual military thirst. But presently a customer demurred at the price—3 cents a glass. "Why," said the cider man, "that's cheap enough, isn't it?" "I don't know 'bout that," said the fellow, "so long as I can buy it on either side the wall for 2 cents." The dealer investigated and found some enterprising chaps had put a spigot on the sly into the other end of his cask and were fast cornering the cider market to his own disadvantage.—Lewiston Journal.

They Begin Early.

Gummeys—Women's habit of going to their husbands for money is as old as the human race.
Gargyle—That can't be, for the human race had no such thing as money for many ages.
Gummeys—Nevertheless Eve got a "bone" from Adam.—Truth.

HUMAN CHARACTER SIGNS.

Beware of the Girl Whose Mouth Turns Down at the Corner—Ministers' Children.

"Never, under any circumstances, marry a girl whose mouth turns down at the corners," was the advice given by the preceptress of a large school situated within a few miles of New York city to a Sun reporter. "I have been closely associated with a large army of young men and women for a great many years," continued the speaker, "and I have frequently given this advice. Many young men, students at the institution with which I am connected, imagining that they are in love, come to me for advice. I invariably first counsel them as I have spoken.

"Why? Because a girl whose mouth turns down at the corners is invariably of a sour, morose disposition, with a very jealous makeup, and is certain to make the man she marries any amount of trouble through life. I have verified this assertion in a great many instances and have yet to find one case in which it failed.

"A great many young lady students whose mouths have the unfortunate curl downward come for advice as to correcting the fault—I say fault, for I believe if any woman has a homely mouth it is her own fault—and I always tell them they must abandon all hope of effecting a cure by external means, such as pushing their mouths upward with their fingers, and look after the interior of their natures, examine and correct the dispositions which have caused nature to so mark and distinguish them that all men who know anything about character reading may at a glance know them for just what they are.

"The fault certainly can be corrected, and a young woman can change the shape of her mouth as certainly as she can the contour of her form, but of course it takes persistent and determined work to do it, an exercise of will power that of itself is a lasting benefit in forming a perfect and lovable character, but I know whereof I speak when I say it can be accomplished.

"I have another theory also which I think you will find interesting," continued the speaker. "It is that children very often inherit the suppressed desires of their parents. An instance or two will best illustrate what I mean. I know intimately a minister, one of the old fashioned orthodox kind who believe in following the strict letter of their creed more than relying on their own good sense of right and wrong. The man to whom I refer always had a burning desire to attend the theater, but the discipline he so conscientiously followed would not allow him to do such a thing, and he suppressed and held in check the desire.

"Often when some great actor was announced or some standard play was holding the boards he would say to me, 'Oh, how I would like to go with you to the theater tonight, but I do not feel that I dare.'
"Now, that man," continued the preceptress, "married and brought a family of children into the world and every one of them was perfectly stage crazy. They would sooner go to the theater than prayer meeting any night in the week, although they had been brought up to give the prayer meeting first choice. The desire which their father suppressed they inherited and did not control as he had done.

"This theory I could illustrate by a dozen equally forcible examples, but it would be a mere repetition. Suffice it to say that I have made a study of the matter for years, and I have yet to find an instance that I was able to trace that did not come as I have indicated. It is on this theory that I account for that time honored saying that ministers' children are always the worst. In them crop out all the desires which perhaps their parents had, but which they suppressed, or at least hid, from public view, so that the children should not always be blamed as much as they sometimes are."—New York Sun.

Johnson's Patent Hen's Nests.

Charles Johnson has invented a patent hen's nest that is a very great convenience to Biddy, and it is an automatic persuader for her to do good work. When the hen approaches the nest, a wicket door gently opens, and after she passes in it closes, and the hen has private apartments all to herself. The egg of its own weight opens a trapdoor and rolls noiselessly out of sight. Then when the hen arises, puts her hands in her pockets and gets ready to walk out, not seeing the egg, she thinks she has made a mistake and lays another. This sort of thing is repeated until the heft of the chicken buds in the box below touches off a spring and Biddy is fired out of the apartment.—Hannibal Journal.

Bad Handwriting and Printers.

Mr. Robert Clark, the Edinburgh printer, used to tell the following story: "Professor Lindsay Alexander came in hot haste on a Friday with the MS. of a sermon and asked to have proofs of it ready for him on the following day. We said the time was rather too short, and he must give a few days longer. 'No, I can't. It's impossible,' he replied in great anxiety. 'I must preach this sermon tomorrow. It is a special sermon. I wrote it 10 years ago, and now I can't make out a word of it.'"

THE DREAMER.

When I am sleeping in my bed,
The little people in my head
All sport and frolic, dance and play
As they never do by day.

They play at being king and queen
Or catching fairy folk unseen.
They act out glad, troll or gnome,
Or in far Afric's forests roam.

They go with Sindbad on his trips
Or take command of pirate ships
And capture galleons of Spain,
Pearl freighted, on the Spanish main.

Yet each one still pretends he's me,
While I am sound asleep, you see.
They play, I run and shout and leap—
And yet I'm lying fast asleep.

They have such jolly lots of fun
And see such sights! Yet never one
Will wake me up that I may go
To share the joys that please them so.

And if I wake and try to hear,
Or at their frolics try to peer,
Then all the sly things in a trice
Are quiet and demure as mice.

—Arlo Bates in St. Nicholas.

BLIND CHILDREN'S IDEAS.

The Queer Notions They Have of How They Express Them.

Dr. Anagnos told me some amusing stories about the quaint old way that blind children usually have of expressing themselves. This is due to the fact that blind children are thrown almost altogether for companionship with grown people and so unconsciously they imitate the same manner of speech.

A short time ago a little child was entered at the institution by its aunt, who was a schoolteacher. When she left the child, she said, "Now, I shall expect you to get the matron to write a letter for you to me before very long."

A short time passed, and the matron said to the little girl, "Isn't it about time that we wrote that letter to your auntie?" The little mite said, "Now, that is what I should style a coincidence, for I was just about to remark upon the necessity of forming my ideas at once."

At this same institution I was much interested in watching the little ones write. They placed the paper upon a board of raised lines, and guided by them wrote an even, well formed hand. I picked up a composition just finished, and it was so dainty and fanciful that I gave it to you:

THE PREACHER.

Do you know who the preacher is,
And do you know where he lives? He
Lives in a green, shady place, and the
birds and the flowers make his congregation.

The children passing by often gather bunches of these preachers, for there are a great many, and take them home to put in a vase to ornament their mantels. This preacher is called Jack in the pulpit.

Jack, finding life very dismal, soon dies.

When the cold winds of winter come,
Jack is asleep under loving mother
earth's warm blanket.

But when Jack hears the rippling
brooks and the singing birds he knows
that it is spring again, and he must do
his part to make mother earth beautiful.—Boston Advertiser.

How Poe Sold "The Bells."

Henry Sartain, son of the famous engraver, tells this story of how in 1851 Poe's poem of "The Bells" was first published in Sartain's Magazine:

"Poe came into the office one day, and handing father a stanza in manuscript asked him what he thought of it. Father looked it over and said he thought it pretty good. 'Is it worth 85?' asked Poe. Father said he thought it was and paid him the money. The poem was the first stanza of 'The Bells.' A week or so later Poe again sauntered into the office, with the remark, 'Well, John, I see you haven't printed my poem yet.' Father replied that he had not because of lack of space. 'Well, I've got another stanza here. Will you let me have a five on it?' The man looked so utterly wretched that father paid him the money and took the stanza. Still another installment of two additional stanzas followed within a month, and then it was that the poem was first printed."—Philadelphia Record.

A Plagiaristic Boy.

One of the boys of a Capitol hill family had been instructed by his teacher to write an essay. A rather abstruse subject was given him, and he had been referred to the dictionary. His elder brother, who was also giving suggestions, had promised if the composition was good he would write it on the typewriter. The little fellow went to the dictionary and found the word he was looking for and under it a quotation that just suited the subject. He copied the quotation, so he hunted up his mother's shears and in a way that argues a great deal in favor of his future journalistic ability clipped through the big, handsome dictionary and clipped wherever a word or phrase suited his fancy.

His brother, who rewrote the composition, discovered the plagiarism and informed the father, and the boy now takes his meals from the shelf.—Washington Post.

The Laughing Owl.

One of the most fantastic of birds is the laughing owl of Florida and some other southern parts. He sits well up in a tree at night and emits a series of loud, strange ha-ha's that sound like half human laughter. The sound is sufficiently terrifying to a nervous camper unacquainted with the habit of the bird, though less gruesome than the unearthly call of the Chesapeake loon heard at all hours of the night along the shores of that bay.

Explaining a Blank.

The above space is reserved for two very funny jokes that we thought of the other day, but unfortunately cannot recall at the present writing.—Jewish Messenger.

A return of memory sometimes occurs in drunkenness, as in the case of the Irish porter who, having lost a package while drunk, got drunk again and remembered where he had left it.

JEWELRY.

ONE OF THE MANY SECRETS OF THE PAWNBROKERS' TRADE.

A Little Dark Room in the Rear of a Chicago Pawn Office, Where Many Golden Heirlooms Are Melted and Cast Into Bars Which Are Traded For Good Coin.

"Looks funny, doesn't it? All the same there are a dozen of those machines going at least once a week in this city that the public never heard about before. When you understand it, you will be able to tell your friends what becomes of the gold and silver they leave with their 'uncle' and never receive. 'On the dead' now, don't give me away, and I will tell you some of the secrets of the pawnbrokers' trade."

The remark was made in a little dark room in the rear of one of the big loan offices not far from Madison and Dearborn streets. The proprietor went on to say the reports show that 10 to 15 per cent of all articles placed in "lock" are never called for. Then often gold and silver are purchased outright by the pawnbroker at a low price, and in one way or another a large amount of precious metals is accumulated. To turn old style goods into ready cash is the problem that confronts the loan broker. Bankrupt stocks of new designs and fresh goods fill the cases in the counters and show windows, and the old material goes into new golden eagles, with Uncle Sam's stamp upon them.

On the floor of the back room, reached after setting half a dozen electric alarms going and the pressing of numerous buttons, was a peculiar contrivance looking like a 6 inch tile stood on end, with a brass barrel covered with pipes by its side. A copper pan, some iron tools and some bowls that looked like common flowerpots lay on the floor.

"This copper barrel," said the proprietor, "is filled with naphtha. These pipes lead to this tile or furnace. This handle here is for the forcing of air behind the naphtha so it will make a strong blast. These pots are crucibles. Into the furnace we place the crucible; into the crucible goes the gold. Hot, isn't it? So hot that we are compelled to wear colored glasses to see what's going on. But that's nothing to the way the thing is done in Uncle Sam's furnace. Now, here goes to fill the crucible."

Into the stone jar went gold watch cases and chains with family heirlooms, emeralds and initials, souvenir spoons and breastpins of forgotten dates, rings that could have spoken of wedding bells and birthdays in the long ago, golden charms, scarfpins with the jewels removed and odds and ends collected in a week's trade. The estimated value of the haul of stock was \$1,000 in pure gold. Into the melting collection went a lot of borax. This was to make the gold flow when sufficiently melted. There was no smoke, nothing but a sickly smell of naphtha, the noise of the blast and the glittering whiteness of the crucible.

To get a closer look at the melting gold, a pair of green eyeglasses was furnished. As the broker stirred the contents of the crucible with an iron poker black bubbles would come to the top and pieces of coarser metal would be seen struggling to the surface only to turn back into the yellow gold when turned out to fluid. The broker lifted the crucible out of the furnace and poured its white hot contents into a pan of water. All the gold settled into the mold, and the borax, turning black as it hit the water, stood on top. In a few minutes the borax was knocked off and out fell a bar of gold weighing several pounds, eight inches long and probably three-fourths of an inch square. After cleaning the bar was laid aside for shipment to the treasury.

"We do this once a week," said the proprietor as he shut off the valve to the naphtha barrel. "From here the bars go to Washington by express. Before its value is returned we will pay out nearly \$4 on \$1,000. At Uncle Sam's works the bar will be remelted by a fiercer heat. Then the melted mass will be poured into water, where it will form into shot or pellets of gold and silver and copper. These pellets are then placed in acid and the different metals separated. No, you can't fool the government for a minute. Science does the work in good shape. After this process the treasury ships gold for the silver and silver for the gold. So, you see, the old battered watch case, broken chain or out of date ornament comes back in new coin of the realm. Over \$200,000 worth of gold bars is annually sent from Chicago brokers in this way, and not one person in 10,000 ever sees how the melting is done. Of course many gold coins are made into jewelry and in course of time are sent back through our crucibles once more. This is on account of all kinds of style in ornaments going on. Any which is constantly going on. Any profit? Oh, yes. We figure all such things. An article pawned means to us only its weight in the crucible with a profit deducted. This profit may be 6 or it may be 12 per cent. A chain weighing \$10 worth of gold we buy for \$8.50 or some less. The \$1.50 is for profit, handling and the risk. Yes, it's quite a business, and many a family heirloom has been told in the golden heirlooms that have fallen into a loan broker's crucible."—Chicago Tribune.

Useless Trouble.

A mesmerist, on his trial for a crime which had no connection with hypnosis, emphatically exclaimed, "To prove my innocence I am prepared to send the court to sleep."

"Prisoner," the judge replied, "you may leave that to your counsel."—Liberal.

A certain kind of mushroom grown in northeastern Asia will produce intoxication if it is eaten. It is also a stimulant to muscular exertion.

MAKING THEIR OWN PILLS.

Doctors Taking to a Custom That Troubles the Apothecaries.

"Our business is suffering to some extent from a new fad of the physician that is growing rapidly. I regret to say," said an apothecary. "In old times, it was quite usual for medical practitioners to put up their own prescriptions. Oddly enough, they are taking up the practice again in a fresh form. They do not prepare the medicines they prescribe, but a good many of them give to their patients in the shape of pills. For example, you consult Dr. Squills for symptoms which indicate a stomach disorder. Instead of writing a prescription for it, he gives you half a dozen little tablets and tells you to call again in a couple of days. You go back again and get some more of the same pills—one to be taken after each meal, you are instructed. That transaction robs the apothecary of 50 cents he would have got for filling the prescription. It might seem to you that the expense of furnishing their own medicines would deter physicians from adopting this plan, but I will quickly explain to you how it works to their advantage. You must get the pills to begin with, that they get the pills or tablets at wholesale rates, so that the cost is not very great. Nasty doses are no longer in fashion, and a large number of remedies—particularly the coal tar preparations—are put up nowadays in the shape of pills. Of course, Dr. Squills gives you six tablets and tells you to come back on Friday. In that way he secures another visit from you and rakes in an additional \$2. That is where his profit comes in. Furthermore, if your friend Mrs. Bobbins happens to be suffering from symptoms similar to your own, you cannot furnish her with some of the pills which have done you so much good, as you could do if you had a prescription. You can only recommend her to Dr. Squills, who recommends her in another fee. So you can see for yourself that this plan, while decidedly injurious to our trade, is a great help to the doctors. In one way it works well. Not having a prescription, the patient cannot obtain indefinite quantities of the medicine by having it refilled again and again at the apothecary's. It is in that manner more than any other that people acquire dangerous drug habits."

To such a point of development has this new fad of the physicians arrived that great factories are kept busy turning out tablets and pills for sale to doctors only. The firms that own these establishments send agents all over the country to solicit the patronage of medical men. From the latter they obtain orders for the doses in small compass at so much per 1,000 or 10,000, put up in bottles or boxes. The pills are carefully prepared according to formulae of recognized value, drugs of the best quality being employed."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Queer Freak of Memory.

The French scientist, Ribot, in his work on "Diseases of the Memory" tells of a man 80 years of age, of considerable learning and acquisition of a severe illness that terminated in a recovery. He was found at the termination of a severe illness to have lost the recollection of everything, even the names of the most common objects.

As soon as his health was restored he began to acquire knowledge like a child. After learning the names of objects he was taught to read, and after this began to learn Latin. He made considerable progress when one day in reading his lesson with his brother, who was his teacher, he suddenly stopped and put his hand to his head.

"What is the matter? Don't you feel well?" asked his brother.

"I feel a peculiar sensation in my head," he replied, "and now it seems to me I know all this before."

Strange to say, from that time he rapidly recovered his faculties and could understand what he had been necessary to teach him reading and writing when he was 30 years of age and a proficient in both.

The Hooked Umbrella.

The umbrella with a hook to the handle is very convenient to carry. It is easy to grasp or to slip on the arm, but it can prove an awkward companion if carried the wrong way, and it very often is, as was illustrated by a lady on Canal street a day or two ago. She was walking quickly along, not once tempted by the daintily arranged bargains spread out in the windows. She was evidently in a hurry. Her crooked handle umbrella was under her arm. She passed through a group of gentlemen, when suddenly she found herself wheeled around with great force, and her astonishment discovered she had hooked a handsome young man, the hook being fastened to the front of his coat. Don't carry a hooked umbrella under your arm.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Judges' Work.

"People seem to think that a judge has nothing to do but sit on the bench and listen to lawyers and witnesses and talk," said a judge yesterday. "If sitting on the bench were the burden of our labors, we would have an easy time. Take the long opinions that must be written out. They are usually prepared at night and require in many instances a great deal of care and research among lawbooks. Some opinions are interesting; but, as a rule, they are tedious and dry. Here is where a great deal of work comes in, and besides the opinions are generally written by the judges themselves. The stenographer is not around, and writing after becoming accustomed to dictating in an office is very laborious."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

She Was Blind.

"A poor, sick man, who has a blind wife, solicits a trifle!"

"But where is your wife?"

"She is standing at the door looking out for the policeman."—Zeitung-Leesebuch.

HOW WIRE IS MADE.

Its Manufacture a Very Interesting and Unique Mechanical Process.

The rod is received by the wire drawer in the form of a coil, the rod being of varying section and the coil of a weight depending upon the purpose for which it is intended. One end of the rod is pointed and somewhat reduced by machinery. The coil is then given a bath in mild acid to remove all oxidation, afterward washed in limewater to give a drawing surface and is finally dried in a proper oven. When ready for drawing, the pointed rod is inserted in one of the holes of a drawing plate. This plate is generally of steel, but some factories use cast iron. The drawing holes are conical, and the rod is inserted from the larger end. On the other side of the plate the pointed end is seized by power pinchers and pulled until enough has been drawn through to allow of its being passed around and fastened to a drum or reel which is driven by power. Of course the rod is reduced in area and much elongated, and this without any perceptible loss of metal. While passing through the plate it is kept lubricated with what is called wire drawers' soap or grease. After being drawn through this first hole it is put through a series of smaller ones until it has been reduced to the requisite size. But the compression and disturbance of the structure of the rod consequent upon these reductions have increased so much that at certain stages it is necessary to stop the process and soften the metal by annealing. After this it is again washed in acid, etc., and the drawing is resumed. Iron and the harder grades of steel require five or six annealings while being reduced to the finer gauges of wire. But the manufacture of soft steel and the details of rolling it into rods have been so perfected that soft steel rods can now be drawn into fence wire without any cleaning or annealing. After the final drawing the wire is finished in various ways, depending upon the purposes for which it is intended.

No matter of what metal the wire may be composed, the same general system of drawing is used, varying more or less according to the metal. Including gold, silver, platinum, copper, etc., the commercial sizes of wire run from one-fourth inch to one-seven hundredth inch in diameter.—Cassier's Magazine.

CREDIT WHERE IT WAS NOT DUE.

A Professor Whose Medicine Was Most Effective in the Bottle.

There is a doctor connected with the University of Buffalo who has a habit of saying, "Do you catch the idea?" to the young men who are in his charge when he has made or tried to make a point in his lectures or in his private patients, and he invited a student to go with him to see it. The patient was a woman. Before entering the room the doctor carefully explained the disease to the student and told him that he had sent the woman some medicine the night before which he was confident would help her. He explained the composition of the medicine, told what particular combination of drugs would benefit this disease and then entered the sickroom.

"How do you feel this morning, Mrs. K.?" he asked.

"Oh, doctor," replied the patient, "you have no idea how much better I feel."

"There, young man," said the doctor, turning to the student, "do you catch the idea?"

"Yes, doctor," continued the sick woman. "I do feel very much better."

"Took my medicine, I suppose?" queried the doctor.

"Well, no," replied the patient. "You see, my husband was detained away from home last night, and I didn't get it at all."

"I don't think," broke in the student, "that I exactly caught the idea."

And the doctor hadn't a word to say.—Buffalo Express.

Why Olives Are Cheap.

"Do you know what makes pickled olives so cheap?" the proprietor of delicatessen said the other day. "You wouldn't expect a California olive grower to get rich when his olives are sold at a little more than the cost of the brine. I will tell you a secret—the trick is in the olive trade. Down in the Genesee valley there are great fruit farms. There is one grower who has 80 acres of plum trees, 7,000 of them now bearing. Each one yields three or four bushels of green plums. The plums are green shaped. They are picked when green, sold to a buyer who puts them in fancy labeled bottles or in kegs, and they are sold for olives. They are so much like the genuine that they are not. Tricks in can detect that they are not. Tricks in all trades, aren't there?"—Buffalo News.

Criminals Change Their Faces.

Surgery's discovery of a way to obliterate facial blemishes has given the detective forces a great deal of difficulty in locating well known criminals. By these operations the known character of the facial expression is sometimes changed by a few deft jabs of a lancet. The wounds heal in a very short time and in most cases can never be noticed. The criminal fraternity are not slow to take hold of this knowledge, and in consequence the descriptions in the possession of the detectives cannot always be depended upon.—Philadelphia Call.

Self Examination.

Let not sleep fall upon thy eyes till thou hast thrice examined the transactions of the past day. Where have I turned aside from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone which I ought to have done? Begin thus from the first act and proceed, and in conclusion at the ill which thou hast done be troubled and rejoice for the good.—Pythagoras.

The South African British colonies had in 1840 a population of 140,000. At present it is 1,800,000, with a business of \$17,000,000 and 1,800 miles of railway.

ANIMAL SENTRIES.

They Are Posted by the Flock or Herd to Guard Against Surprise.

The too eager sportsman is often balked of a shot by the watchful sentry posted to guard the flock or the herd against surprise. Posting a sentry is the most universal of the instincts which use organization as a means of defense. Chamois, ibex and other mountain antelope always post a sentry. Always when a herd of seals is sleeping on the rocks there is a watcher. This instinct, The Spectator informs us, survives even in animal captivity.

"When the prairie dogs at the zoo occupied a small paddock, they always kept a sentry on duty, although he seldom uttered his warning whistle, having learned probably that the visitors would not come inside the railings. The prairie dogs at the Jardin d'Acclimatation of Paris observe the same precaution." As is well known, wild geese are particularly wary in this respect. Mr. St. John says that "they would not act in so organized and cautious a manner when feeding or roosting as they do on a field of newly sown grain to feed in, before alighting would see numerous circling flights, and the least suspicious object prevents them from pitching."

"Supposing that all is right and they do alight, the whole flock for a space of a minute or two remain motionless, with erect head and neck, reconnoitering the country around. They now appear to have made up their mind that all is safe and are contented to leave one sentry, who either stands on some elevated part of the field or walks slowly with the rest—never, however, venturing to pick up a single grain of corn, his whole energies being employed in watching. The most curious part has to follow. When a sentry thinks he has performed a fair share of the duty, he gives the bird nearest him a sharp peck."

Mr. St. John declares that he has seen the sentry occasionally pull out a bunch of feathers when the first hint was not immediately attended to and at the same time utter a querulous cry. Wild swans are almost as cautious as wild geese. The signal of danger differs with the species of animals, but the alarm notes seem to be universally understood by the sentry's followers. Wild geese and swans have a peculiar call, as of a bugle; rabbits and sheep stamp on the ground; wild ducks utter a low and cautious quack; elephants whistle; ibex and mountain sheep whistle.—Rox and Gun.

HAVE YOU INDIGESTION?

Perhaps There Is a Hint For You In This Story of Some Ailing Chickens.

"Troubled with indigestion, are you?" Feel all puffed up, eh? Well, it's a pity that some one couldn't treat you the way my brother-in-law's wife treated her chickens. That was when they lived out in Lewistown, Pa.

"Going to tell us another story now, I suppose, like those about catching herring in the grass and hunting shad with a dog and gun, ain't you?"

Without paying any attention to this slighting remark the Jerseyman went on:

"My brother-in-law's wife had a fine crop of chickens that summer. They were all hatched that spring and were growing well when one day the whole flock got at a bag of dry cornmeal and filled their crops full of it. The first thing my brother-in-law's wife knew of this was when the meal began to swell and turn sour, and the whole troop of chickens were waddling around with crops twice their regular size and every chicken looking like the bass drummer in a German band. You see, the chickens either had got at water too soon or else didn't have gravel enough in their crops to grind up the meal, and it wouldn't digest and seemed likely to burst them."

"There was no one by to give help or advice, and my brother-in-law's wife wasn't going to lose that lot of more than 100 fine chickens if she could help it, so she started right in to do the best she could. The children caught the chickens and brought them to her, and with her buttonhole scissors she cut a slit in each one of their crops. She squeezed out the cornmeal, washed their crops out and sewed them up again. The chickens seemed grateful. They were kept quiet for a couple of days, fed lightly, and every one of them recovered."—New York Sun.

Long Farms in Maine.

Maine probably has many oddly shaped farms, but we doubt if any one can be found more peculiar in form than that in the east part of Dexter, formerly owned by the pioneer blacksmith, Elijah W. Sprague. This long, with the wide and a half mile long, with the highway cutting it at right angles into unequal portions. The inconvenience of so narrow a farm, with pasture and woodland at one end, is obvious to any one, but in this form it has continued from the days of the forefathers to the present time, in use as a farm all the time. A farm only 20 rods wide and about half a mile long was in use a great many years near Farmington Falls and may be so used yet for all but writing or known by the Dexter farm beats it by nearly two-thirds for narrowness and general oddity. Farms of this shape are numerous in Canada.—Lewiston Journal.

Mocha Coffee.

Everybody knows that much of the so-called Mocha coffee sold in the United States is no such thing, but only a few persons know how some of the counterfeit Mocha is made. The berries growing on the highest limbs of the coffee tree in Brazil are often shriveled in the semblance of the true Mocha, and these are carefully set aside, shipped to some port famous for Mocha coffee and sent thence to the western world as the true thing.

Might Have Been Both.

First Boarder—What ails Dumback's appetite? He has hardly eaten enough for two days to keep him alive.

Second Boarder—It's love or policy—I don't know which. He's courting the landlady's daughter.—Chicago Tribune.

A smart little boy calls himself commonplace because he is boxed so often.

A SOLDIER'S LEGS.

They Are Apt to Run, but the Owners Don't Tell the Experience.

"People will never tire listening to war stories," said a veteran the other day, "but you never hear of any of them telling of their running experiences. It is not because they never run, for all of us have been through that school. No man ever went into battle but that he was glad when it was over. The legs of the bravest get very weak in the presence of shot and shell, and bravery, after all, is only a matter of honor—the man without honor is a coward. The honorable man has nothing to fear, and in battle he would suffer 10,000 deaths rather than have a comrade say he failed to do his whole duty. But as to running—yes, I have run. Tell you about it? Certainly."

"One afternoon while I was in charge of the rear guard on a march in Virginia a number of men dropped out of the ranks for the purpose of hunting 'applejack.' The commanding officer of the guard ordered me to take a detachment, return to the little town through which we had passed a half hour before and arrest the stragglers. I obeyed the command and by fast riding soon had the 'applejack' hunters in charge. On the return, as it was late in the day, we moved at a leisurely pace. A half mile from the town a lane crossed the road on which we were traveling. This lane was over a small rise of ground, so that one could not see very far along its stretch."

"Between where I was riding and the mouth of the lane I noticed a suspicious object moving along toward us. It dodged from one corner to another of the fence, apparently trying to conceal itself. While wondering what the fellow—for by this time I discovered that the object was a colored man, was up to I was near enough to speak. 'Don't stop,' said the man. 'Go as fast as you can. The Federates'll git you. Dey's right ober de hill. Go as fast as you can.' I gave the order, and away we went as fast as horses could carry us. We had just crossed the mouth of the lane when the 'Federates' appeared on the summit of the little hill."

"With the famous 'rebel yell' they came sailing down the lane, shooting at every jump. We put spurs to our horses and presented as small a target as possible by lying low on their necks. It was a hot race, but the chances in favor of the Confederacy. For two miles the 'graybacks' chased us, keeping up a constant and rapid fire; but, thanks to our horses, we escaped without the loss of a man. That was not the only time that I ran, but the story will suffice for this time."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Cowboy and the Folding Bed.

A cowboy up from the Texas panhandle was a guest at the house, and as the clerk who attended to him is still in Denver we will allow him to tell the story in his own way. "He had on store clothes and a red necktie, and what he didn't know wasn't worth knowing. When he started up to his room at night, I told him there was a folding bed in it, and, if he wished, the bellboy would show him how it worked. But not much. He didn't want to be shown anything. He knew a thing or two about the city, he did, even if he did live down on the range."

"So I let him go, and next morning he paid his bill without a word and went away. About noon I happened to be on that floor and a chambermaid called me to take a look in his room. And what a sight met my eyes! The bottom drawer of the bureau was pulled out as far as it would come, and in it were all the rugs in the room, with a towel spread over one end for a pillow. Evidently he had tried to sleep there, for pinned upon the glass was a sarcastic legend reading: 'G'd dern yore folding beds. Why don't you make 'em longer and put more kivers onto 'em! Mebbe you expect a man to stand up and sleep in your damned old cubberd.' The 'damned old cubberd' was one of our best folding beds."—Denver Field and Farm.

Origin of the Menhaden Industry.

Mr. Robert F. Walsh, in The Popular Science Monthly, thus recalls the origin of the present menhaden industry: "It was in 1850 when an old lady, Mrs. John Bartlett of Bluehill, Me., boiled some fish for her chickens, observing a thin smudge of oil upon the surface of the water. Some of this she put after carried samples to a leading oil merchant, who encouraged her to bring more. The following year the Bartlett family industriously applied their gill nets and sent to market 13 barrels of oil, for which they were paid at the rate of \$11 per barrel. In the following year this family made 100 barrels. Then, the value of menhaden oil presses—of a more or less imperfect construction—were established along the coast, and the industry developed so rapidly that within 90 years the yield of menhaden oil exceeded that of the whale from the American fisheries."

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THE PUZZLER

No. 209.—A Problem.

When first the marriage knot was tied
Between my wife and me,
My age was to that of my bride
As three times three to three.
But now, when ten and half ten years
We man and wife have been,
Her age to mine exactly bears
As eight is to sixteen.
Now tell, I pray, from what I've said,
What were our ages when we wed?

No. 210.—Word Building.

1. Join "to trash," "necessitous" and "a testament" and make a compound word of 12 letters meaning "a bird allied to the night hawk," so called from the sound of its voice.
2. Join "to immerse," "an exclamation" and "a mother," and make a word of seven letters meaning "a letter conferring some privilege."
3. Join "a citizen," "a preposition," "a pronoun" and "upon" and set a word of eight letters meaning "a summons."

No. 211.—A Father's Teaching.

An honest, industrious man was the father of several bright, attractive children. As they grew older he instructed them in the wisdom and desirability of keeping good company and not keeping late hours. He told them that 10 o'clock was late enough for bedtime, and no matter how agreeable might be their companions they should leave them at that hour. What command, often heard in military drills, was he giving?

No. 212.—Double Acrostic.

My initials, read downward, will give the name of a war of the present century, and my initials of a general concerned in it. 1. A town in Afghanistan. 2. To rebound. 3. A worker in metals. 4. A field. 5. Burned wood. 6. A girl's name. 7. A town in Bavaria. 8. A bird. 9. A province in Turkey. 10. A fieldwork.

No. 213.—Geographical Puzzle.



The initials of the names of 13 objects represented above, when properly arranged, will form the names of two English islands.

No. 214.—Rhymal Transpositions.

Each blank is to be filled by a word of six letters. No two words are alike, though the same six letters, properly arranged, may be used to make the six missing words: O from thou thy stores.
Without or honor thy task;
Though no or bustle thy barter disturbs.
The is quite all one could ask.

No. 215.—Hidden Names of Places.

1. Is the baby lonely without you?
2. Is not her beauty remarkable?
3. No, I do not think I can go.
4. When I saw that they were armed, I attempted flight.
5. Hers were the only diamonds there.
6. So universal a mistake may be excused.
7. As part are to stay, I prefer not to go.
8. The dahlia then so admired is old-fashioned now.
9. The fourth race was easily won.

Conundrums Answered.

What is that which we often return, yet never borrow? Thanks.
What is majesty deprived of its external? A jest (in-jest-y).
Why are fowls the most economical things a farmer can keep? Because for every grain they give a peck.
Why is a bluish anomaly? Because a woman who blushes is admired for her cheek.
What shape is a kiss? A lip-tickle (elliptical).
When may ladies who are enjoying themselves be said to look wretched? When at the opera, as then they are in tiers.
What is the difference between an honest and a dishonest laundress? One irons your linen; the other steals it.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 201.—Biblical Puzzle:
E
B U Z
P E T E R
A S S Y R I A
M A L H U S
N A H U M
L U Z
S
No. 202.—Illustrated Diagonal: 1. Kite.
2. Last. 3. Pens. 4. Boat. 5. Kant.
No. 203.—A Charade: Soc-rates.
No. 204.—The Lover's Task: Make a six pointed star and draw lines from each point to three opposite points. The trees are to be planted at the points and intersection of lines.
No. 205.—Double Acrostic:
Famed
E F E
R a l L
I r a z E
D r i s E
N e a r S
A m a z E
N e a P
D r o s S
No. 206.—Word Squares:
B O A T D A R T F A D E
O N C E A S I A A L O E
A C R E R I L L D O L I
T E S T A L E E L L S
No. 207.—Central Acrostic:
T I B E R
P L A T O
D U B I S
E G Y P T
L E L E X
F L O R A
C O N O N
No. 208.—Behadings: Ap-peal, For-age, Pe-ruse, De-note, Dis-ease, E-lope, A-light.

Itacolumite, or Flexible Sandstone.

Geologists tell us that "one of the most marked and well known characteristics of stones and rocks in general is their extreme rigidity," but there are really some specimens that are more flexible than wood, bending under the slightest pressure without breaking. The best known and most abundant of these flexible stones is itacolumite, an elastic sedimentary deposit found chiefly in South America, but not unknown in the United States, being frequently found in large quantities in the mountains of North and South Carolina and occasionally in Georgia. The flexibility of itacolumite is readily understood when the stone is subjected to a microscopic examination. All ordinary sandstones are rigid and brittle, but in itacolumite the grains are cemented by mica and sericite, which confer the flexible property to the stone as a whole. Viewed by a strong polarized light, it is plain to be seen that each separate grain of sand in a slab of itacolumite is surrounded by a cement of the flexible mica and sericite and that veins of the same cement ramify in every direction, imparting to it a peculiar elasticity, a flake of such stone two feet in length and two inches thick "sagging" five inches in the middle when both ends are held up by some support.—St. Louis Republic.

A Gigantic Kite.

A kite made by George Emory, a barber of Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, is attracting a great deal of attention because of its gigantic dimensions. It measures 17 feet from top to bottom and 14½ feet across. It has the usual coffinlike shape of the kites flown by the small boy, but its material necessarily differs. The frame is made of oaken boards 3½ inches wide and 1½ inches thick, and the covering is of light canvas. George only got his kite out once, and that was last Saturday. Accompanied by 50 boys, who had watched the construction of the affair for a week, he took his monster to the little hill near the House of the Good Shepherd in Pacific street, Brooklyn, and experienced little trouble in getting it to take to the winds. It sped heavenward with such force that 10 youngsters who had hold of the rope attached to it were carried along several feet before they had time to let go. The winding machine employed by Emory was an ordinary hose reel, and his line was like those used on clothes pulleys. The latter was 1,600 feet long, and it was pulled out to the full length Saturday. The tail of this big kite is 90 feet long, and the entire weight must be 75 pounds.—New York Herald.

Primitive Fare In Massachusetts.
In a book treating of the social conditions of western Massachusetts in the early part of this century some amusing differences are noted in the manner of living. In the families of well to do people in such a town as Northampton bread and milk was the regular diet for breakfast and supper, while the poor, who could not afford wheat flour and milk, made two meals on bean porridge. To have meat more than once a day would have been considered sinful extravagance. When the Hon. Caleb Strong was governor, he used to travel from his home in Berkshire county to Boston in his private carriage, taking three days for the trip and having regaled on one occasion, he was obliged to pass the night at a private house on the road. The supper consisted of a large bowl of bread and milk, and the guest and family were merely provided with spoons with which to supply themselves from this common dish. This was a trifle too democratic for the governor, who suggested that his portion be put in a separate dish, as he might otherwise eat more than his share, but his host generously replied that they were quite willing to take that risk.—Boston Gazette.

A Haunted Castle.

Bogtalog Hall, in Townyn, North Wales, is a noted ruin. Its existence dates back over 500 years, and according to a tradition which the superstitious people of the neighborhood have been taught to believe it has been haunted for almost that number of years. When the castle was built, a chapel for the reception of the dead was erected. It has never been used. In the fourteenth century some member of the family died at Hastings, and the body, instead of being conveyed to the chapel of Bogtalog Hall for interment, was buried at Hastings. On the anniversary of that person's death each year the spirit is said to be seen by the superstitious people of the neighborhood hovering around the chapel, demanding the interment of the body within the walls of the vault. Mr. Robinson says the tradition is so firmly rooted in the nature of the people of Townyn that no one will go near the castle after nightfall.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Testing Optical Glasses.

John A. Brashear describes the method of testing optical glass for the quality of its annealing. The plate, already polished, is set up on edge at an angle on a black reflecting surface—varnished glass or black cloth—and viewed through a Nicol prism. If the glass is fairly well annealed, the polarized light reflected from the black surface beneath it produces in the prism the appearance of a symmetrical black Maltese cross, the less marked the better. If the cross is distorted or broken up into other figures, the plate is poorly annealed, and if colors appear the glass must be discarded.—Popular Astronomy.

The Pimpernel.

If you chance to be in the fields when the clouds threaten rain and notice a plant, whose solitary, five parted scarlet flowers rising from the axils of opposite green leaves are rapidly closing, be wise enough to seek shelter, for this is the "pimpernel," or "poor man's weather glass," and the closing flowers indicate that rain is coming speedily.—Exchange.

HUMOR

AN OFFICE DRAMA.

Why the Telegraph Editor Did Not Eat the Night Before Pay Day.
It was Friday night. The telegraph editor felt in his pocket and glanced contemptuously at his watch. "What have they got tonight?" he said finally, addressing the assistant telegraph editor.
"Pork and beans, stewed tomatoes and apple pie," was the reply.
"It's all right. Dead swell layout." The telegraph editor ruminated and again felt in his pocket. Then he remembered a little indebtedness of 25 cents.
The copy boy entered.
The telegraph editor scribbled on a piece of paper.
"Take this to the assistant city editor and be dodged quick about it," said the telegraph editor. He handed the copy boy a piece of paper which looked like this:

25c.	WELL?	25c.
25c.		25c.

The copy boy took the paper into the sporting editor's room, where he stopped to listen calmly to the arrangements for a prize fight; then he went out into the area way and threw paper wads at the watchman.
Then he went into the local room and threw a crumpled piece of paper on the desk of the assistant city editor.
"His nibs sent that to yeh," he remarked, pushing the paperweight of the desk onto the toe of the Constant Reader.
The assistant city editor apologized to the Constant Reader and looked at the paper. Then he drew a half dollar from his pocket, carefully laid the paper over it and rubbed it with the butt end of his lead pencil. Underneath the rough facsimile of the coin he wrote: "Please send back the change."
"There, take that back, quick," said he.

The copy boy went into the dramatic editor's room and put a masthead on the latest photograph of Helene Mora. Eventually he reached the telegraph room and handed the paper to the telegraph editor. The telegraph editor studied it for a full minute. Then he remarked calmly:
"That's the grouchiest guy that ever struck this joint. He ain't even got manners enough to pretend that he's broke."
Then the telegraph editor pulled his chair up to his desk and wrote a head to the gold experts, which began, "Millions In Four Pockets Still."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Any Excuse Better Than None.

A wealthy gentleman who keeps a large establishment in the country recently noticed that, although his breakfast table was supplied with eggs from his own farm, yet they were scarcely ever fresh. On making inquiries he discovered that the eggs laid by his fowls were regularly disposed of by his cook at a high price and others of doubtful freshness, purchased at an adjacent shop, substituted.
Having sent down for the cook, he determined to sift the matter to the bottom and said to her:
"How is it, cook, that, although you have a regular supply of eggs from the farm, we never get any at the table but what are stale?"
"I dunno, sir," replied the cook without a moment's hesitation, "unless John has been giving the fowls a lot of stale corn again."—Pearson's Weekly.

To Avoid Confusion.

He was quite frantic by this time. He would have knelt on the wet sands at her feet had he possessed a change of trousers.
"I give you my heart!" he cried. She smiled pleasantly.
"Would you like it checked?" she asked. "Hearts are so much alike, you know."
It seemed to him that he must die, but he did not.
He was spared for other things.—Detroit Tribune.

Variety.

"Many sports here?" asked the enthusiastic athlete as he got off the train at a small station in the far west.
"Plenty, stranger," replied the native. "There's huntin, fishin and lynchin. What more d'y'e want?"—Pick Me Up.

One View.

First Tramp—There comes another four-in-hand. What's the good o' ridin on top o' a coach all day along a dusty road, specially in hot weather?
Second Tramp—It gets up a elegant thirst.—New York Weekly.

Improving.

"Are you satisfied with your son's progress in his music?"
Father—Perfectly. No one has moved out of the flat the last two days.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Plenty of Time.



First Coster—Well, if yew won't back for I, I won't back for yew. D'yew see that?
Second Coster—Orl rite, 'Arry, orl rite. Don't 'urry yerself. Only arter few wid the paiper.—Judy.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Death by suffocation is caused by a bullet in either the heart or brain.
Statistics prove that not less than 8,200 babies are born every day on United States soil.

Milk disagrees with many persons because there is not enough acid in the stomach to cause it to curdle.

Sneezing is caused by an irritation of the lining of the nose and is usually the premonitory symptom of a cold.

In Japan there is one way of saluting a superior, another way of saluting an equal and still another of saluting an inferior.

An old fashioned buggy wrench was found, claims H. B. Stewart, in the heart of a large oak tree felled recently near Raleigh, N. C.

The first draft of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" went to the printer direct from the pen of the author and with very few changes of any kind.

The only clothing materials used in Madagascar are silk and rofa cloth. The latter is spun from a fiber taken from a native plant and is seldom exported.

Among the definitions in a new English dictionary are these: "Bicycle—pleasant treadmill. Ink—a black fluid often used to make black seen white."

Cheese as now made is said to be of undoubted Indian origin, though a game very closely resembling it has from time immemorial been played among the Celestials.

In London there is an association of "gospel cyclists." They spend the Saturday half holiday in excursions to towns near the city, where they hold open air gospel meetings.

So indestructible by wear and decay is the African teakwood that vessels built of it have lasted fully 100 years, to be then broken up only on account of their poor sailing qualities.

New York harbor has a double funneled tug, which is said to be a very unusual thing to see in craft of that description. The two funnels are side by side and not fore and aft of one another.
A cubic foot of cork weighs 1.5 pounds; coal, 56 pounds; earth, 94 pounds; hay, 9 pounds; ice, 57½ pounds; copper, 547 pounds; cast iron, 450 pounds; gold, 1,208½ pounds; platinum, 1,219 pounds.

THE FASHION PLATE.

Braiding is again coming into fashion, some of the new dresses having the waists almost covered with it.
The full neck ruche of lace is a feature of the season's styles. It is very full and is of lace about two inches wide.
White leghorn, chip and straw hats are trimmed with ribbon, gauze, velvet or plumes, and sometimes all of these are united in one.

Galloons, lace and embroidery are used upon all materials. There are narrow and wide widths, the former being used to edge draperies and ruffles.
Hats with trimming under the brim are growing in popularity, and many of them have clusters of flowers set at regular intervals close to the hair.

Silk, satin and moire jackets are among the popular garments. They are moderately close fitting and are profusely trimmed with lace and embroidery.
Medallions, palm leaves, squares and long pointed sections of passementerie are used for trimmings. But very little passementerie garniture is used in continuous lengths.

Some garden party dresses show skirts gathered up in festoon fashion with bows. These festoons fall over full ruffles of lace lined with silk and set upon foundation skirts.
A stylish costume of duck has the collar revers and cuffs hand embroidered in scallops. The work is done after the material is cut and is a revival of an old fashion that was very much liked.—New York Ledger.

NOVELTIES.

A skull of brierwood, with silver crossbones for ornament, is a smoker's fancy.
The vine wreathed claret jugs in engraved glass and silver gilt are the most attractive things of their sort.

Graceful silver tete-a-tete coffee and berry sets festooned with garlands and speak the hospitality of piazzas and arbors.

Large spoons of silver gilt have stems of raised work inclosing plaques of enamel work. These spoons have broken edges of metal and enamel half way around, leaving the working ends sharp.

Beltpins are among the novelties. These are enlarged bippins intended to effect a better union between the back of the belt and a woman's skirt. They are covered with raised work or occasionally are set with tiny turquoises.—Jewelers' Circular.

CHICAGO PROVERBS.

Fortune tellers talk to long ears.
Don't take tips from flattery's tongue.
The best fighters wear the fewest feathers.

Much of the future is in the school-teacher's hands.
The cutter is not to blame for the fit of a borrowed coat.

Don't cheapen yourself by tendering unsolicited advice.
Some mighty good climbing has been done in cowhide boots.

More than one man has fallen from the force of his own blow.
Some folks are like rocking chairs, full of motion without progress.

Even the skinkint is willing that others should share in his opinions.
The whisper of slander can be heard farther than the report of a 100 ton gun.—Chicago Herald.

BREVITIES

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Grand Master Sovereign of the Knights of Labor is a tombstone cutter by trade.

Alderman V. B. Dillon has been nominated for lord mayor of Dublin for 1895. He has already held the office.

Lord Tennyson recently applied to the bishop of Winchester for authority to erect a tablet to the memory of his father in Freshwater church.

The Marquise Lanza is busy writing another novel. She is no longer a resident of New York, having rented her charming house and taken one in Washington near her father's residence.

The pope, although there is no remarkable change in him, is declining in strength. He is much bowed in figure and has rather frequent fits of somnolence, as was the case about two years ago.

Miss Agnes Repplier, who is now visiting London, has become a literary lioness in that city. Andrew Lang has given a dinner in her honor, among the guests being Professor Max Muller, the philologist.

Governor Tillman of South Carolina makes no secret of his candidacy for the United States senate. "I went into the fight three years ago," he says, "for the biggest plum. I shook it down, and now I'm after another."

Miss Ollie E. Field of Mitchell, Ind., and Will S. Burris of Alfordville, Ind., two students of the Southern Indiana Normal college, were married on the stage at the conclusion of the graduating exercises at Mitchell.

President Casimir-Perier continues to show that he has no intention of being a slave to precedent. He has expressed his determination to make several changes in the official life in the Elysee. He will reduce the military household and create a civil household, which has not heretofore existed.

Queen Victoria is possessed with a particular longing to visit the Holy Land, to look down upon Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives and try to picture the past, and the older she grows the more is her desire to undertake this pilgrimage, and none of her immediate entourage would be astonished if she made up her mind suddenly to set out on the journey.

STAGE GLINTS.

It is said that George W. Wilson will not head the "Shore Acres" company No. 2 next season, all negotiations to that end being off.

"A Cork Man" is the title of the new musical comedy in which the Irish comedian, Herbert Cawthorn, will star the coming season.

The Bostonians have engaged Signor Daubigny for next season. The tenor is now in London, and the engagement was made by cable.

Conroy and Fox will open their season at the Bijou theater of Pittsburgh, where they will present their new comedy, "Hot Tamales."

The Nicoll sisters have signed with Richards and Casfield for next season, and they will have prominent parts in "The Circus Clown."

Lucy Daly, with her band of pickaninies, will sail for England under the management of Canary and Lederer for a tour in England and France.

Tillie Sabern, a young woman of Richmond, Ind., made a balloon ascension at Anderson recently. Her parachute did not work, and she fell and was killed.

Manager David Henderson has secured a verdict for \$3,000 damages against Charles Coghlan for the latter's failure to appear at the Duquesne theater, Pittsburgh, during the first week in March last.

Helen Dauvray's starring tour will begin on Sept. 3 at A. M. Palmer's theater for a season of two weeks, which may be extended. William Gill has nearly completed a farcical comedy for her. It will be called "That Sister of His."

TURF TOPICS.

The pace "is the thing"—just now. The people of Persia ate 4,615 tons of horse meat last year.

The nerves of the horse all end near the surface. Those of the donkey are deeply imbedded.

It is calculated that the drought in the department of Uruguay, Entre Rios, caused the death of 818 mares.

According to the belief of many old horsemen and trainers, a horse will partake of many of the characteristics of his rider.

"Hobby horse riders win but few races" is a saw that horsemen with theories in breeding might profitably remember.

G. W. Fulton of Corpus Christi, Tex., recently sold 100 horses at \$11 each, giving the purchaser 1,000 head to select from.

Every Roman legion had about 500 horses for camp equipage, baggage and provisions, and yet the Romans never were an equestrian nation.

Governor Flower of New York has bought a pair of 16 hand sorrel horses to use as leaders for a four-in-hand which he will drive at Saratoga.

A snoring colt at Adrian, Mich., becoming frightened during a heavy thunderstorm, broke its back through the sudden contraction of the muscles.

It is reported that experiments are now being made with compressed hay for paving blocks. The hay, after being pressed, is soaked in a drying oil, which, it is claimed, renders it almost indestructible.—Horseman.

Discovered.

The swarthy man in the long cloak seized him roughly by the arm. Despite his effort to be calm, he trembled violently. His lips were livid and his face as pale as marble.

"Are you positive," he demanded fiercely, "that you have seen her face before?"

"I am."
"Good! Where?"
The dark cheek was aflame with passion now.

"—and when?"
"Here," answered the drug clerk, "when I sold her maid the raw materials."

No, he was not aware that he had ever seen the lady herself—only her face.—Detroit Tribune.

His Victory.

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Her View of It.

A certain Boston gentleman, who has for many years been identified with Bar Harbor, and who dearly loves a good story, relates one which seems an excellent specimen of genuine Yankee wit—unconscious and droll. In the early season it was discovered that the chimney of one of the hotels was on fire, and the proprietor, a native of the village, climbed to the roof and succeeded in subduing the flames. In his efforts he slipped and fell. Fortunately he had just been preparing the ground for a garden, and he landed in a nice soft spot, breaking no bones, but shaking himself up considerably, as he is past his youth. He was picked up insensible, and when he recovered his only fear was that he had disturbed some of his guests. He was confined to his room for some time, and the Boston gentleman referred to, who owns the hotel property, called to see the old gentleman and congratulate him upon his narrow escape from serious injury. His wife was in attendance on the invalid, and after the accident had been discussed, both taking a decidedly doleful view of the case, their caller tried to cheer them up by speaking of the prospects for a busy season.

"I shouldn't wonder," said he, "if we had to build a new wing to the hotel."

"Well," said the proprietor's wife, "I ain't interested in a new wing for the house. I'm thinking how near he came to having two new wings."—Boston Transcript.

A Shade Too Accurate.

Gentleman (to his servant)—Here is the list of invitations. Those underlined are married couples and must be addressed Mr. So-and-so and wife.

Gentleman (next day)—Did you look after the invitations?
Servant—Yes, sir.

Gentleman—Did you add the words "and wife" to those sent to married people?

Servant (triumphantly)—Yes, sir, and I wrote "without a wife" on the others.—Truth.

Well Answered.

A convert to Christianity in Syria who was urged by his employer to work on Sunday declined. "But," said the employer, "does not your Bible say that if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into a pit on the Sabbath day he may pull him out?" "Yes," answered the convert, "but if the ass has the habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath day then the man should either fill up the pit or sell the ass."—New York Tribune.

Best of All.

First Girl—I like a man with a past. A man with a past is always interesting.

Second Girl—That's true, but I don't think he's nearly so interesting as the man with a future.

Third Girl—The man who interests me is the man with a present, and the more expensive the present is the more interest I take in it.—Boston Budget.

A Sweet Consoler.

Edith—If Jack Barlow were to propose to me, I wouldn't know whether to say "Yes" or "No."

Maud—Well, don't worry, dear. I accepted him last night.—Life.

Song of the Trolley Car.

I come from haunts of busy men,
Past avenue and alley.
I circle in and out again
With many a curve and sally.

I jam my axles chock full of men,
Though hot as Tophet be it.
I run pell-mell; the twanging bell—
My laugh—men do not see it.

A nickel for a strap, you know,
Is really very clever.
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

Some cranky people half believe,
Because they pay a nickel,
They should for it a seat receive.
Such joys a sphinx would tickle.

But while a few may kick perhaps
And think it isn't funny,
It is the ones who cling to straps
Who bring me stacks of money.

THE DEAD AND THE LIVING.

He fought at Roanoke
through that fiery hell
of ball and bursting
fire.
One brother fell
shroud the battle
dren deck the grave
country's life to save,
and fathers call him
a hero fell at Roanoke!

The other one who fought at Roanoke
Lived on—by chance is living still today—
Old and unknown, bent, beggared, crippled,
gray.
And children mock him in their thoughtless
play.
None weep for him. No orator ever spoke
Of him as noble. No one says he gave
The best in life his country's life to save,
and yet, God knows, the living was as brave
as he who fell that day at Roanoke.
—Fred B. Appleget in Philadelphia Press.

THE DEVIL'S SLIDE.

In the heart of the Rocky mountains there dwelt in ancient times a spirit or gnome to whom the Indian tribes around about gave the name of Hal-Walla. He was a spirit of great power within the limits of his domain, which extended deep into the bowels of the earth. Myriads of inferior gnomes were subject to his rule and were employed, under his wise dominion, in administering the business of his kingdom, checking and controlling the rude force of the fires that rage in the earth's bosom and making it serviceable in charging the rocky fissures with ores and minerals.

But once in awhile, in the course of the centuries, he tires of his monotonous and gloomy life, and then it is his habit to come to the surface for a holiday.

At first, in the far distant times, he found the earth inhabited by hideous monsters, and his only sport was to hunt the ichthyosaurs or to plunge deep into the pathless forests and engage in fierce encounter with a terrible biped, who is known to us only as the prehistoric man. Hal-Walla, however, was rather a peaceable than warlike, and after a few such visits he wearied of this rough sport, and many centuries came and went before he visited the upper earth again. Great was his surprise to find that the monsters of the early times had disappeared. The giant forests had given place to woods of much smaller growth, but what interested the gnome most of all was the sight of a number of Indian villages which clustered in the peaceful valley below. The men, women and little children were a revelation to Hal-Walla. They reminded him strangely of the fierce beings he had grappled with in the forests of prehistoric times, and yet they were so different. Clad in scant, brightly colored garments, their red skins shone with cunningly painted designs. Their manners were gentle, for it was a peaceable Indian tribe that had built its wigwams on Hal-Walla's domain. They were kind to their women, and the children played harmlessly about, shooting at marks with small bows and arrows, running swift races or flying on their ponies over hill and dale.

Dwelling invisible and unsuspected among them, Hal-Walla took delight in studying the ways and habits of these beings, so new and strange to him. He soon learned their language and often sat at night in their wigwams, listening to their talk about their ponies, their crops, the chase or the danger that threatened from hostile tribes. And while the spirit thus dwelt in their tents their good fortune was wonderful, for Hal-Walla caused their crops to grow as they never did before, and no arrow sent after a buffalo or deer, no matter by how young and raw a hand, was known to miss its mark. And once when a band of hostile red men came swarming over the mountains to attack the peaceful dwellers in the valley he assumed a shape of terror, drove them before him like cattle and slew them in great numbers.

All this led these simple folk to believe in the presence of a good being among them, and sweet to Hal-Walla were the words of thanks and praise which he overheard at their campfires at night. But one day as the gnome was roaming about the mountains, he spied a maiden, fair and beautiful—an Indian princess, the only daughter of the great Chief Wintah of the powerful tribe of the Utes. She was seated, chatting with her girl playmates and attendants, at the foot of a huge waterfall, which went swirling and tumbling into a rude natural basin. The subsequent conduct of the gnome, as we shall presently see, would indicate that her innocent beauty impressed him deeply, for when, on the next day, the maidens came again to sit by the waterfall they were amazed to find the scene wholly changed. Tall trees, which had not been there before, made a shady grove about it. The wild sweep of the cataract had been checked, so that it now fell with a gentle murmur into the basin, which had grown large and wide and was filled to the brim with the cool, limpid water, showing the pebbly bottom in its transparent depth. "It is the good spirit who has done this," cried the maidens, and amid wonder and laughter and congratulation they speedily prepared for a bath. The princess was the first to venture in, but no sooner was she immersed than she sank out of sight. Vainly her shrieking companions clutched at the glossy black hair as they saw her disappear, and when Visula, the prin-

cess favorite, plunged in to share her fate some unseen power prevented her from sinking, and she could only float lightly on the limpid surface like a petal from a wild rose.

Frightened and weeping, the girls returned to the village and imparted all that had happened to Wintah. The chief rent his garment, scattered the winds the plumes that waved so proudly on his head and grieved so for the loss of his favorite daughter. After awhile he took courage and went to view with his own eyes the fatal spot where she had disappeared. But the magical illusion was gone, and the waterfall tumbled in unbridled fury down the mountain side, as it had ever done within the memory of man.

Meanwhile the princess, who had lost consciousness when she felt her sinking, had been carried by Hal-Walla through his subterranean kingdom to a beautiful valley, which his magic had filled with wonders. When she awoke, she found herself reclining on a grassy knoll, dressed in bright garments, and the sunlight, glinting through the shady trees, fell on the form of a handsome young chief standing reverently before her. This was none other than Hal-Walla, who had assumed this pleasing shape as being most likely to find favor in the eyes of the maid. In glowing words he spoke to her of love; told her the secret of his being; told her of his great kingdom in the bowels of the earth; of the power he possessed to bring good or evil fortune to her tribe, and so wooed her for his wife. But the princess only sighed in answer and reproached him with tears for having removed her from her people. Nothing that Hal-Walla could say or promise seemed to give her cheer, and he was forced to realize that he had been too sudden and must patiently seek to win her by degrees.

"These beings require companionship," he said to himself when he had thought the matter over. "She must be amused. That will set everything right." And like a flash he flew out into the fields where the maize was ripening, picked a dozen ears and brought them with a triumphant smile to the princess, who was wandering disconsolately under the trees.

"Fairest daughter of earth," said he, "I have brought what will give thee joy. Take these ears of maize, touch them with this magic rod and give them the form of any being thy heart desires."

So saying he wisely left the princess to herself, and she lost no time in availing herself of the gift. Touching one of the ears with the rod, she cried, "Visula, dear playmate, appear!" and instantly Visula lay at her feet, kissing her hands, and in her joy laughing and weeping at once. The illusion was so perfect that the princess knew not whether she held in her arms the real Visula or merely her shadow. But this gave her no concern. She surrendered herself wholly to the delight of having her dear friend with her, and the two wandered arm in arm about the gardens and groves and groves with which the gnome had adorned the valley to make it a pleasant abiding place for his fair prisoner.

The beautiful princess soon converted all her supply of maize ears into the girl friends she was accustomed to. She was now far less lonely and seemed to grow brighter and more content, so that Hal-Walla congratulated himself on his penetration and the progress he was making in the knowledge of human kind.

But as the weeks slipped by the princess began to notice that her companions were growing pale and sickly. She alone among them all bloomed fresh and fair as a rose. One morning when she stepped from her wigwam what horror was hers when she saw that they had all turned old and haggard and were so weak that they could scarcely move! In her terror she called loudly for Hal-Walla, who immediately appeared.

"Base spirit," she cried, "is it not enough that thou hast deprived me of my freedom? Why take from me my only solace, the companionship of these dear maids? What has happened to them? Why do they look so old and strange?"

"Blame me not, fair maid," replied the spirit. "They are, if you remember, but ears of maize. As long as they were fresh the magic rod lent life and youth to the forms they borrowed. But now the juices of nature are dried up within them, and soon they must return to dust. Do but touch them once again with your rod."

She did as she was bidden, and as she touched them the shadows vanished and only a handful of dried up maize ears remained.

"Weep not, fair one," continued the spirit. "What our bounteous Mother Nature gave us once she will give again. In a flash I will return with a new supply."

So saying he vanished, shot through space and arrived at the maizefield. But much to his embarrassment he found that the maize had all been garnered and not one ear remained. When he returned to the princess, she saw by his manner that something had gone wrong.

"Thou hast deceived me," cried she. "Where is the maize?"

"Madden," he answered, "wilt thou forgive my want of foresight? Inexperienced in the ways of mankind I wholly forgot that the maize had been garnered, and there is none left in the fields. Have patience with me but one short week, and thou shalt have maize ears in abundance."

The spirit thereupon, with the help of his gnomes, quickly plowed and planted an acre of ground thick with the precious corn. The underground fires were made to heat the soil, while he poured rain in abundance from above. Quickly the green shoots poked their heads above the ground and thrived and grew apace.

But with all his thoughtfulness and anxiety to please not a smile or answering look could he win from the fair princess. Patiently he anticipated her every wish, hoping for the time when his devotion would be rewarded. But in this he reckoned without his host. He was, after all, but a novice in his study of the human heart and had taken it for granted that the maid's affections were disengaged. Poor spirit! He knew not that the princess had no heart to give him, since for more than a year she had loved Idanah, a young chief of the tribe of the Shoshones, whom she was to have wedded at the period of the next new moon. But so closely had she kept the secret guarded in her bosom that the gnomes even now had no suspicion of the truth. While he worked by night and day to hasten the growth of the maize, which he fondly hoped would restore the maid to her wonted cheerfulness, her thoughts were busy with a plan of escape.

In a week's time, as the spirit had promised, the maize was ripe. Each day the princess went to the field, plucked a few ears and once more gave them forms of life. But to one of the ears she secretly gave the form of a magpie. "Fly, talking bird," said she, "till thou comest to the tribe of the Shoshones and tell the young chief Idanah that his beloved is fouly held prisoner by the Spirit Hal-Walla, but is planning to escape. Bid him wait for me in the valley of pines the third sleep from now with horses and men. Begone! Away!" The bird obediently arose in the air, and her eyes followed it longingly till it faded in the distance.

The young chief meanwhile had taken the disappearance of his dear princess greatly to heart. He became melancholy and sad. Even the chase lost its attractions. In the depth of his misery he derived a gloomy comfort from the profound solitude of the forest, where he spent his time mourning her as dead. One day as he sat brooding thus the stillness about him was broken by the sharp, shrill utterance of his name. As he started to his feet the cry was repeated, and he saw with amazement that it came from a magpie, who was sitting on one of the lower limbs of a gigantic fir tree. With the illogical intuition of love a vague hope thrilled through his soul, and holding out his hand he invited the bird to perch on his finger. The magpie accepted the invitation, delivered the message which the princess had sent, and then fluttered away, leaving the astonished Idanah in transports of happiness. With a cheerfulness to which he had long been a stranger he returned to his wigwam, got together the braves, ponies and provisions he needed and set out straightway for the valley of pines.

On the third day the princess prepared to execute her plan. The sun was painting the hillsides in golden glory and the earth was fresh with the moist odors of the awakening day as she came from her wigwam in all the radiance of her beauty. Well she knew whom she would find lingering about, and when she advanced to meet him with a smile of promise upon her lips—the first she had ever bestowed upon the unhappy gnome—his rapture knew no bounds.

"Fair one," cried he, "hast thou come at last to reward me for my long faithfulness? To say the word that will make me the happiest of my kind?"

The wily princess blushed and cast down her eyes.

"Immortal spirit," she answered, "how can a mere daughter of earth withstand thee? It is truly gentle constancy has taken my heart captive, but what proof have I that thou wilt always be patient and kind if I make thee my master and consent to be thy spouse?"

"Set me any task thou wilt," cried the gnome joyfully, "that I may show how patient and obedient a slave I will be to thee, and I swear by my immortal being I will perform it."

"Be it so," said the shrewd princess. "If we are to be wed, I have a fancy for a grand festival. Go you then to the maizefield and make a faithful count of the ears that are growing there. But mind you make no mistake! Then will I give them the forms of the people of my tribe, that I may be wedded with dancing and feasting, as becomes the daughter of a great chief."

Reluctant as the gnome was to part from the maid at the very moment when—as he fondly believed—his constancy and devotion had touched her heart, he had no choice but to obey. In a twinkling he was at the maizefield and busy with his task. But Hal-Walla was clumsy at counting, and in the eagerness and excitement of his newborn hopes he made so many mistakes that his figures were soon involved in an almost hopeless tangle.

The princess, meanwhile, had no sooner disposed of the gnome than she prepared for instant flight. She had a good, stout maize ear ready at hand, which a touch of the rod transformed into an enormous eagle, and as she lightly leaped upon his back he soared into the air and bore her away. Floating high above the mountain peaks, her sharp eyes scanned the varying panorama below until they distinguished the valley of pines. With a steady hand she guided the eagle's flight to the spot where Idanah and his braves were waiting, and as the bird bore her in safety to the ground she threw herself, delicious with joy, upon her lover's breast.

After wrestling long with the hateful problem, the gnome finally completed his task and returned to lay the results at the feet of the maid. But when he found no trace of her either in the grove, the grotto or the garden a dark suspicion flashed across his mind. Instantly rising to the height of the clouds, he spied his fair prisoner, her lover and his braves just crossing the boundary of his domain, beyond which he had no power. With a wild howl of rage, he gathered up some clouds in his fist and hurled them after the fugitives. A terrific thunderstorm broke over their heads. Cursing the whole human race and the feminine portion of it in particular, the gnome dashed madly into the tempest he had caused and best suited to his humor. Then, taking a last look at earth, which had suddenly grown hateful to him, with the thunder and lightning, wind and rain raging and warping and flashing about him, he threw himself headlong down the mountain side into the bowels of the earth and resumed the sway of his subterranean kingdom.

But the path he plowed through the rugged rocks as he shot downward still remains, like a gigantic causeway, and will in all likelihood endure thus till time is gray. Truly "the evil that men do lives after them," and the same may be said of spirits. The good that Hal-Walla had done was soon forgotten, and he was remembered only as the evil spirit, who had wickedly abducted the fair princess. And as the generations came and went these rocks, marking the place of his violent descent, received the name of the "Devil's Slide."—Frederic Morris in Short Stories.

A Pretty Failure.

They had all the earmarks of a bridal couple as they boarded the Chicago train at Broad street station. There were half a score of friends on the platform who had come to say goodbye. A few grains of rice dropped from the young man's hat brim as he entered the parlor car. He carefully escorted his fair partner to a seat. All the other passengers smiled indulgently and looked interested. Then the young man extended his hand to the young woman and said in a very loud voice, and with most commonplace formality: "Well, Miss Blank, the train is about to pull out. I wish you a very pleasant journey." And doffing his soft hat he hurriedly left the car.

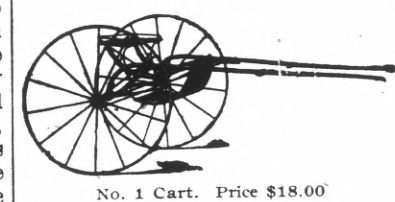
The passengers looked disappointed; the young woman looked nervous. By and by she called the porter and whispered to him. The porter nodded his head and passed to the rear of the car. He came back in a moment and said in a voice that was audible to every one in the car: "You're all right, ma'am. He's in the smoking compartment." Everybody snickered, and the bride blushed prettily.—Philadelphia Record.

Royal Names.

If Queen Victoria had occasion to use a family name, it would be Wettin, so far as it would be anything. She was a Guelph or Welf by birth and married Albert von Wettin, so she would be now Mrs. Albert von Wettin or Wettin if she followed the ordinary rule. But continental royal families seldom if ever have any surnames. The British and Scotch royal families—the old ones—are exceptions. Thus the old royal house of France was "of Bourbon," "of Orleans," the kings of Prussia belonged to the family "of Hohenzollern." Not one of these princes is called Louis Bourbon, Louis Orleans, William Hohenzollern. The British royal house is British only because it lives and rules in Great Britain. It is wholly German in ancestry for nearly 300 years and follows continental customs. All real British royal houses had surnames.—New York Sun.

The Camel.

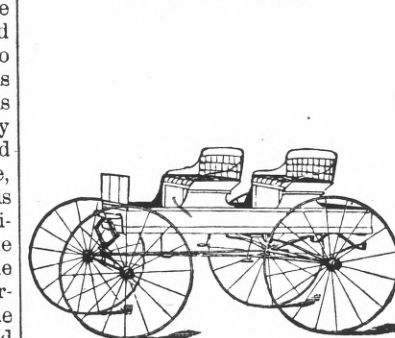
Although long a captive, and for ages perhaps, the most servicable of all the creatures which man has won from the wilds, the camel is still only partly domesticated, having never acquired even the small measure of affection for his master which we find in the other herbivorous animals which have been won to the service of man. The obedience which he renders is but a dull submission to inevitable toil. The intelligence which he shows is very limited, and so far as I can judge from the accounts of those who have observed him there is but little variation in his mental qualities. As a whole, the creature appears to be innately the dullest and least improvable of all our servitors.—Exchange.



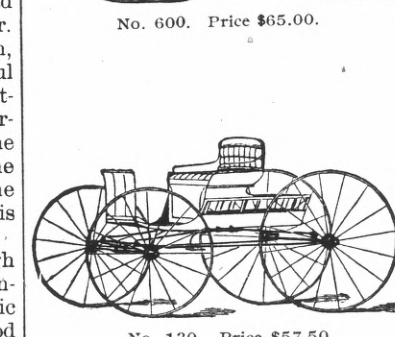
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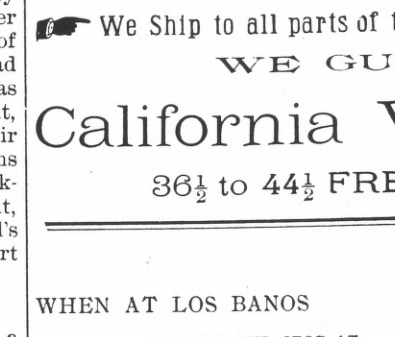
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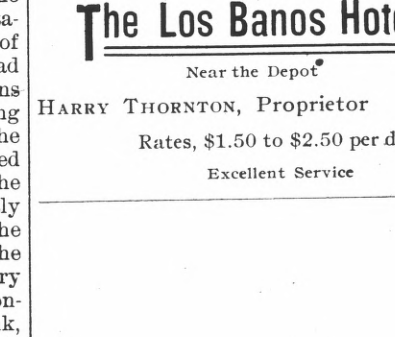
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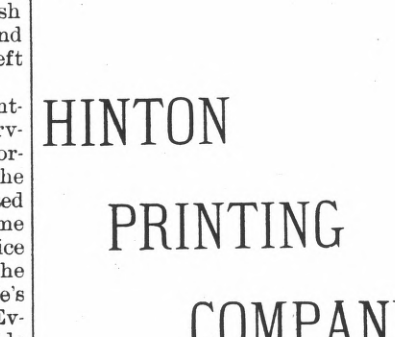
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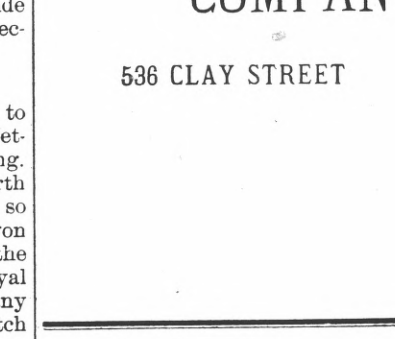
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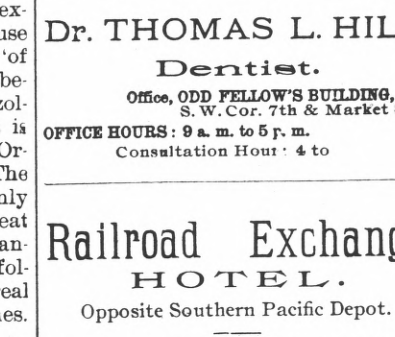
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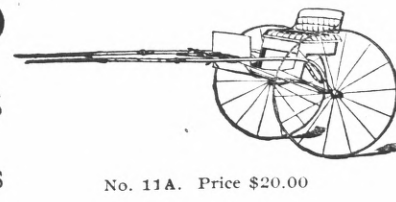


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RAILROAD TIME TABLE.
SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY
(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)
TRAINS LEAVE AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT SAN FRANCISCO.
LEAVE—From May 5, 1894. ARRIVE
7:00A Atlantic Express for Ogden and East. 6:45A
7:00A Benicia, Vacaville, Healdsburg, Santa Rosa and Redding, via Davis. 7:15P
7:30A Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and Santa Rosa. 6:15P
8:30A Niles, San Jose, Los Banos, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville. 4:15P
9:00A New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Dominguez, El Paso, New Orleans and St. Louis. 5:45P
9:00A Martinez and Stockton. 10:45A
9:00A Peters and Milton. 10:45A
12:00P Niles, San Jose and Los Banos. 12:15P
12:00P Sacramento River Steamers. 9:00P
4:00P Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Yano and Santa Rosa. 9:15A
4:00P Benicia, Vacaville, Healdsburg, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento. 10:45A
4:30P Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Fresno. 7:15P
4:30P Raymond (for Yosemite). 10:45A
5:00P Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles. 10:45A
5:00P Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East. 10:45A
6:00P Overland Mail, Ogden and East. 9:45A
6:00P Hayward, Niles and San Jose. 7:45A
7:00P Vallejo. 1:45P
7:00P Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East. 10:45A
SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).
7:45A Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton and Santa Cruz. 12:05P
8:15A Newark, Livermore, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations. 6:30P
7:45P Newark, Livermore, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations. 11:50
4:45P Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos. 9:50
COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.).
6:45A San Jose, New Almaden and Way Stations. 1:45P
7:30A San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations. 12:45P
8:15A San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations. 6:20P
12:30P Palo Alto and Way Stations. 12:45P
10:10A San Jose and Way Stations. 5:00P
12:10P Palo Alto and Way Stations. 3:50P
12:30P San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove. 10:40A
6:30P San Jose and Principal Way Stations. 9:47A
4:25P Palo Alto and Way Stations. 8:06A
5:10P San Jose and Way Stations. 12:45A
6:30P Palo Alto and Way Stations. 6:35A
11:45P Palo Alto and Principal Way Stations. 12:20P
CREAK ROUTE FERRY.
From San Francisco—Foot of Market St. (S. P. 8:00—
7:30 8:00 9:00 10:00 11:00 A.M.
12:30 1:30 2:30 3:30 4:30 P.M.
From Oakland—Foot of Broadway—
6:30 7:00 8:00 9:00 10:00 11:00 A.M.
12:30 1:30 2:30 3:30 4:30 5:00 P.M.
A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
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